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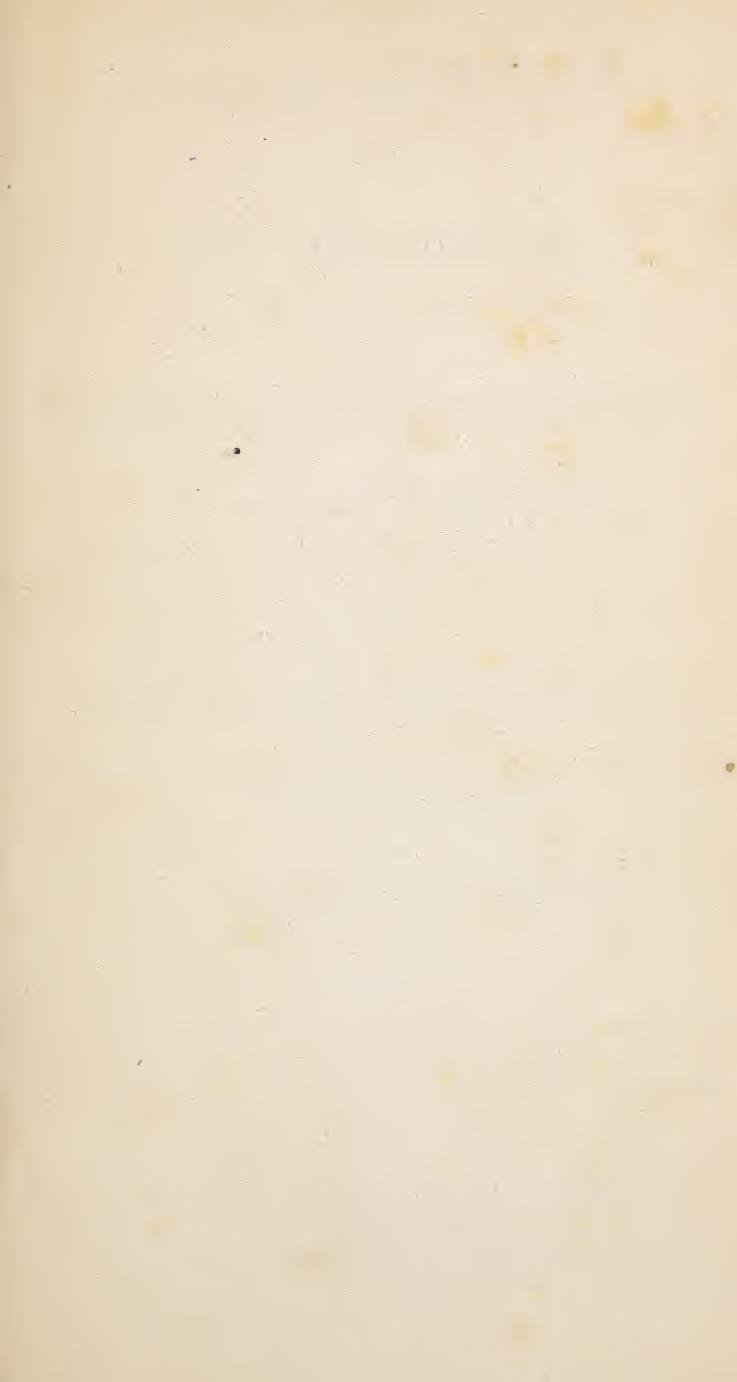
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J. Longring









# POEMS ON METHODISM:

EMBRACING

## THE CONFERENCE,

OR

## SKETCHES OF WESLEYAN METHODISM:

BY REV. JOSHUA MARSDEN,

(LATE OF THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.)

AND

## AMERICAN METHODISM,

### A PLEA FOR UNITY:

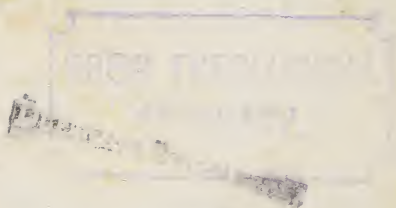
BY AN AMERICAN METHODIST.



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## PREFACE.

THE author of the following verses is fully sensible that he ought to make no apology for the subject upon which he has written: all he fears is, that the cause may suffer in the estimation of judges, from his want of ability to do it ample and poetic justice. He does not pretend to give a complete history of the CONFERENCE, or of METHODISM; that has already been done, by several different hands: although he fears not with ability, equal either to the merits, or the magnitude of the cause. He however hopes that, ere long, some writer who has both time and talents, and the requisite information, will address himself to that Herculean task: and leave impressed upon it, the marks of his own wisdom, genius and industry: and constrain his readers to say, this is *multo maximus* this is worthy of Methodism. With regard to the author, he has been content to walk round the base of our Zion; and, without the difficulty of ascending to its summit, he has gathered a few wild flowers at its feet, which he has woven into a garland for the lovers of verse. Owing to the short time he allowed himself, his sketches form but a rude outline: a finished likeness must be the work of time. It should embrace Methodism in all its expanded features:—British Methodism,—American Methodism,—Foreign Missionary Methodism. It should be done upon a scale equal to the magnitude and extent of the subject—till this be accomplished, the efforts of great men, with little time, of good men, with little genius, and of wise men, with little information upon the subject, will give nothing to the world equal to the grandeur and moral importance of Methodism. In the

above remarks, I would be far from hinting a reflection upon those several works of this kind which have already appeared. Some of these are truly excellent; and, as far as they go, are highly creditable to their authors; but they are not the exact image of the original—no man can build a pyramid in a day. Works of sterling worth, cost an age of labor; he must paint slowly who paints for eternity. I see no reason why a man of genius should not devote the leisure of his whole life to a task of this kind:—but alas, whither am I rambling; I only intended to bespeak the reader's attention to the contents of my little book. In the following sketches, but a few of our doctrines, and only some of our excellent predecessors in the ministry are spoken of. In the choice of his topics, the author was led on by the spontaneous train of his own thoughts, without any previous arrangement, or regular plan; whether in this he has acted judiciously the reader will judge: he fears he has no better reason to assign, than "What I have written, I have written." Amid the complicated ramifications of Methodism, the learning—the genius—the talent—the eloquence found amongst us, I hope we shall never lose sight of first principles; were we to deviate from these, we should forfeit our original, appropriate, and distinct character. We might become a numerous people; but the features and simplicity of our infancy would no longer be seen. To recall the attention of my brethren to the first appearance of the little cloud, is one design of the following pages. The Conference has manifested a laudable zeal to accomplish the same object; the republication of the whole works of Messrs. Wesley and Fletcher, the publishing of a complete edition of the Minutes of Conference, Christian Library, &c. are proofs of a wisdom, which, while it makes provision for the future prosperity of the cause, is equally solicitous to keep alive in our recollection, the first principles and original platform of the whole system. May the same principles operate in the hearts of all our people; then we shall continue to hold in our hands, both the first and the final links of our moral chain; here we shall say Methodism began, those are the intermediate links, and this is the link of 1820. The writer of these sketches is

but of yesterday; he is, nevertheless, afraid that the impressions stamped upon the currency of early Methodism, are beginning to wear away; perhaps those who know better may blame his fears, and smile at his ignorance; the more they smile, the more he shall rejoice, provided their smiles are the illumination of wisdom, and his fears a mere cloud in the shape of a giant. He, however, as well as his brethren, has a stake in the good cause, and has exerted his small ability, to display a little of its pristine glory. The following lines will be read by some who know little of our origin, and who might decline perusing a heavier work. To them, at least, a poetic outline may possess the attraction of novelty; the writer has no fear but his sketches will be read, and if read he humbly hopes that some faint traces of the beauties of Methodism in the bud, will be seen in them; and also some of those steps by which our infancy has graduated to the full bloom of youth and vigor. Long may that bloom of youth and vigor continue, till the Wesleyan cause, like a mighty river, shall be swallowed up in the wide ocean of universal piety, which shall cover the whole earth in the latter day glory. Finally, he lays this little work at the feet of his brethren; if they profit by the improvement of his one talent, he will be glad. If his verses do any good, may God have the praise. If he has failed in the execution his motives give him no shame. If he have done wrong, in devoting a few of his leisure moments to the following sketches, he hopes God will pardon, and the reader excuse his error.







## SKETCHES.

Saw ye not the cloud arise, little as a human hand ?  
Now it spreads along the skies, hangs o'er all the thirsty land.  
C. WESLEY.

### PART I.

#### *Coming from different parts.*

Soon as the Sun the monarch Lion greets,  
Ere he the bright cerulean Virgin meets ;  
What time, the rosy flush of summer heat,  
Bids nature's pulse with sprightly vigor beat ;  
Paints every rose, and variegates the land,  
With living beauties, fresh from Flora's hand :  
The band of Brothers, haste from every part,  
Peace in their smiles, and friendship in their heart :  
From each far nook, of our sea-circled land,  
Cambria's brown alps, and Humber's faithless sand,  
All fly, th' appointed CONFERENCE to attend,  
In free discussion, mutual thoughts to blend :  
Some from Cornubia's tin-mine rocks ; and these  
Quit Mersey's noble stream, or winding Tees ;  
From Dover's cliffs, and Scotia's distant glens :  
York's breezy hills, and Lincoln's grassy fens ;  
O'er hill and dale, they travel many a mile,  
Their annual pleasure, and their annual toil.

*A time of Solicitude.*

The long anticipated month is come,  
 Of grief to most, of jubilee to some ;  
 Who through a thorny wilderness have pass'd,  
 Singing "be joyful," we are free at last.  
 Some, like Dan Milton's Eve, are loath to go ;  
 Each circuit is a paradise below :  
 Hence, ere the birds of passage prune their wing,  
 In other climes to settle and to sing ,  
 They glance an eye, o'er scenes for ever dear,  
 Heave the big sigh, and drop the farewell tear.

*Popular Preachers wanted.*

August arrives and many a note is sent  
 For preachers gifted, wise, and eloquent,  
 But can the synod, hope alas to please ;  
 Both members, leaders, stewards, and trustees ?  
 The appetites of some are grown so nice,  
 They relish only seasoning and spice ;  
 O'er sweet variety's domains they range,  
 For novelty, for elegance, and change.  
 'Tis not, O God of love, to worship thee,  
 We eager crowds within thy temple see,  
 'Tis *man alone*, attracts them to the spot ;  
 The worm is honor'd—but God forgot.  
 Thy house, is not to some a "house of prayer,"  
 Unless a fine-speech orator be there :  
 Hence often holy men are drawn aside,  
 To please fastidious wealth, and fickle pride,  
 Yea, those who deem the world but 'dung and dross,'  
 Who glory in the covenant and 'the cross,'  
 May apprehend 'tis lawful to concede,  
 When rank solicits, and when riches plead.

*Petitions and Remonstrances.*

Post after post, full many a letter speeds,  
Remonstrance to petition, fast succeeds ;  
Circuits obscure, unpopular, remote,  
But little notic'd and of little note,  
May ask—perhaps their purposes are good—  
For Benson, Newton, Watson, or for Wood ;  
Ah ! spare your postage brethren, and “ be still,”  
There is a niche, each laborer may fill ;  
For every place, God has a pastor fit ;  
Leigh needs no orator, nor Brough a wit ;  
Send Reece to Brigg ! 'tis quite beside the mark,  
And who would think of Banff—for Adam Clarke ?  
Your brethren led by this unerring clue,  
Will doubtless send the fittest men to you ;  
Or, if you relish not a poet's plan,  
Rely on Providence, and “ cease from man ;”  
God is the Sun, the centre, he presides ;  
All men he governs, and all council guides ;  
Surveys all nature with a parent's eye,  
The plants that blossom, and the birds that fly :  
Your bark is safe, a father rules the helm,  
No rocks can bilge, no hurricanes o'erwhelm :  
To him commend your circuit and affairs,  
A cheerful faith is worth a world of cares ;  
What you request, almighty love will do—  
Appoint a pastor—send a blessing too.

*Regret at Parting.*

Some noble circuits love their preachers so—  
September is to them a time of woe ;  
Pastors and flock so happily conjoin  
In union, civil, social and divine ;

And flow along like mixing streams one course ;  
'Tis half a death to suffer a divorce.  
So when a pair by soft affection join'd,  
Ties which alone the good and gentle bind,  
Are severed by an unexpected stroke,  
The feeling heart is agonized and broke.  
In christian breasts, soft sympathies reside ;  
There gentle streams of love and sorrow glide ;  
More bright, more pure, more apt to move and melt,  
Than ever player feign'd or poet felt.  
Ah! may my lot be never cast with such,  
Who fear a preacher may be prized too much ;  
What, prized too much ! in these uncivil days ;  
When even those who profit—seldom praise ;  
When many with a supercilious eye,  
Treat every pastor as a moral spy ;  
Address him with a sour or surly tone,  
And pick his conduct as they pick a bone ;  
Thwart him in every measure wrong or right,  
When absent pelt him, and when present slight :  
Preserve me Saviour from so foul a shock,  
As frigid pastures and a thankless flock !

*Itinerancy arduous.*

Ah ! who, if thoroughly he count the cost,  
What toils await him, and how often crost,  
Would covet the erratic pastor's lot,  
Or think too much the little he has got ?  
Abridge him of his comfort and repose,  
Or plant a thistle where he should a rose ?  
Is he a proud or high man ? here's a school  
Transmutes him little, moderate and cool :  
Testy and petulent ? lo here's a test,  
To crucify each feeling in his breast.

Fastidious, ceremonious, and nice ?  
This axe will strike a death blow to his vice.  
Soft and effeminate ? Oh spare him then,  
He rushes headlong in a "lion's den !"  
Of tender feelings, and to melt inclin'd ?  
A thousand ills will grate upon his mind.  
A weakly constitution does he feel ?  
Here's work enough to try a frame of steel.  
Or if high-souled, assuming, apt to soar ;—  
Here's discipline will touch him to the core.  
But little known, unnoticed and obscure ;—  
"Enriching others" yet himself is poor.  
As vile deception some his conduct view,  
Yet to his God, his king, his conscience true ;  
Dying with frequent pain, or worn with toil,  
Lo, God renews the lamp of life with oil.  
As sad in aspect, yet within serene ;  
No friend to lightness—but a foe to spleen.  
Possess'd of nothing, yet enriched with all  
Faith, truth and reason, worth possessing call.  
In much affliction, tumult and distress,  
"Fightings without, and fears the heart possess :"  
Watching and weariness his life engage,  
And toils attend him both in youth and age,  
Pursue him close, through every lane of life,  
A man of sorrow and a man of strife :  
A pilgrim, stranger, wheresoe'er he go,  
And some a stranger's bosom never know ;  
Whirl'd to and fro, from "Beersheba to Dan,"  
Successive changes crowd life's narrow span ;  
Public utility or private whim  
Requires incessant sacrifice from him ;  
The good of all must be the general scope,  
And this will often dislocate his hope.  
His brethren, till he understand them right,



May thwart him, pain him, crucify and slight;  
And oft a wayward, stony-hearted flock  
Will bid him plough and sow where all is rock.  
This test will make him bleed at every vein,  
Unless a living ministry sustain:  
This crucible, this touchstone of the cross,  
Will try his faith, and prove it gold or dross.  
When worn with toil, the race of duty ends,  
Who are, alas, the hoary veteran's friends?  
He's "known and read of all," but who will feed  
Himself or widow in a time of need?  
Acquaintances may everywhere abound,  
But where for him is genuine friendship found.  
While strong to labor he was much caress'd,  
Ere age and pain and care and toils oppress'd;  
No longer fit to guide the gospel plough—  
Who follows, comforts, and caresses now?  
In some small cot, secluded and alone,  
For better days and summer friends are flown,  
He wears away—poor, humble and content;  
If small his pittance, life alas is spent!  
A few more days of grief and pain he spins;  
Then death his lasting jubilee begins.  
You say the picture has too deep a gloom,  
That kindness leaves severity no room  
For censure: censure is unkind I grant,  
When food and friendship, every care supplant:  
Let worn-out preachers smile as life declines,  
I'll blot the cynic censure from my lines.

*Difficulty of pleasing.*

Ah me! our chapel critics seldom find—  
So fine their taste, a pastor to their mind:  
'Tis neither doctrine, liturgy, nor psalm;

Fine speaking only, bears away the palm.  
 No soul can please them but the gifted few,  
 Send Bunting, lo, they want a Newton too!  
 Were Paul to visit our degenerate land,  
 And preach as infancy might understand,  
 Our virtuoso hearers would complain,  
 And wish him back to paradise again.  
 Ask them to hear an honest, worthy man,  
 Like Nelson, wedded to the gospel plan,  
 Plain, simple, unadorn'd or rude in speech:  
 He preach the gospel! no, he cannot preach!  
 So vulgar, coarse, inelegant and rough,  
 Who, but a blockhead would go hear such stuff!  
 Watson may hope to please them now and then,  
 Or Clarke, who preaches noblest with his pen:  
 But purest viands soon their palate sate,  
 Unless served up on porcelain or plate.

*False Taste in Hearers.*

Others, alas, with judgment not so just!  
 For far-fetched fustian feel the keenest gust;  
 What plain, good men can never understand,  
 "Is excellent; is exquisitely grand!"  
 Some rare, or old conceit, no matter which,  
 So Gerund thought—makes every subject rich;  
 Howe'er inflated, pompous and untrue,  
 They care not—so 'tis curious and new;  
 Antipodes of plainness, truth and sense,  
 And volunteers for rank extravagance!  
 Who probes the heart with duties unperformed  
 Who storms a lying creed that should be stormed,  
 Who weighs the merits of an airy hope,  
 They love as well as Addison loved Pope!  
 The purest, simplest doctrines fail to please,

Not deck'd with flowers, nor gemm'd with similes ;  
Plain truth must robes of gossamer put on,  
And Tully's classic Toga, fit St. John.  
To their false taste, and wild, luxuriant wit,  
The book divine, by inspiration writ,  
Of wisdom full, with eloquence replete,  
May seem too common, coarse and obsolete !  
And Wesley's style, though beautifully chaste,  
Be much too simple for their flashy taste.

*Conference met—E Pluribus Unum.*

The morning comes, and lo at early dawn !  
While dewy lustres spangle o'er the lawn,  
The band of brothers kneel with heart sincere,  
Join the warm hymn, or pour the vital prayer ;  
And ask without hypocrisy or pride,  
That he who planned the system would preside :  
“ Till eye to eye the faithful watchmen see,”  
Meet in one point, and in one cause agree ;  
For vain the counsel, and the cares of men,  
Gifts of the tongue and labors of the pen ;  
Unless the blessing patronize the deed,  
Sow what we please, no harvest will succeed.  
But he has oft their annual meeting cheered :  
When much was felt, and more, alas, was feared :  
They stept the chapel threshold with a sigh,  
Before they parted sorrow bloomed with joy !  
And he will bless them, he will own them still ;  
In spite of every prophecy of ill,  
Their bands shall spread at his divine command,  
O'er all the limits of “ Immanuel's land,”  
While colors decorate yon showery bow,  
Stars twinkle, planets roll and Phœbus glow ;  
While summer, winter, seed-time, harvest stand,



Attest God's truth, and shew his mighty hand ;  
While balmy peace, shall weeping sinners cheer,  
And virtue smile at piety's career ;  
While truth shall triumph, man his God adore,  
The Wesleyan cause shall flourish more and more !

*President and Secretary.*

The Conference begun, 'tis first decreed,  
To fill each chasm in the ancient deed ;  
This honor some by free election share ;  
Their title others by their age declare ;  
Age takes the lead, for all are Spartans here,  
But wise and aged we in heart revere :  
These levy tribute on our warm esteem,  
And such we worthy double honor deem.  
Who fills the Chair, is next the general plan,  
And suffrage free selects the proper man ;  
A wise, judicious, prudent, well tried seer,  
A pilot skill'd, our moral bark to steer ;  
Whose apostolic conduct shall enshrine  
Each public act in dignity divine.  
Prepare the vote, another niche to fill,  
An able scribe, to guide the council quill,  
Whose animated tongue, and nimble pen,  
Can write on paper and on hearts of men ;  
Lynx-eyed to penetrate through every part ;  
The clearest head and the most upright heart ;  
Lips, where the laws of truth and kindness join,  
With energy of action half divine :  
A man of noble, independent soul,  
Firm as a rock and steady as the pole ;  
Discreet, impartial, ready in debate,  
The clashing points to analyze and state ;  
For every task, for every office fit,  
A man of God, a scholar and a wit.

*Obituary.*

From living lights who annually preside,  
We turn to ask, what faithful men have died ;  
These we record, in chronicles that suit,  
Their talents, age, deportment labors, fruit ;  
From year to year, we register their deeds ;  
But here the muse a wider circle needs,  
Reviews the solemn records of the tomb,  
And bids past worth within her lines re-bloom.

*The Venerable Founder.*

O righteous Wesley, shall a muse essay,  
From thy bright track, to catch a living ray ?  
So wide, so swift, so useful thy career,  
Truth cannot paint without suspicion here.  
But still his mind a wider circle drew,  
For with his usefulness, his ardor grew ;  
The public good, he grasped with such a zeal,  
As prophets felt, and dying martyrs feel ;  
And like his own belov'd redeeming plan,  
He sought the bliss of universal man,  
Yet cruel envy, base ingratitude,  
His works aspersed, his spotless life pursued :  
Each college clown, each academic beau,  
Was Wesley's staunch, sworn, everlasting foe ;  
Hence, if the prelate's shaft its victim miss'd,  
A troop of rectors quickly crowd the list ;  
Who, when the bishop's opposition failed,  
Renewed the warfare, bit their lips and railed.  
But not alone the sacerdotal class ;  
Each drunkard's song, and witling's jest he was ;  
The light buffoon and silly novelist join  
His name to nonsense, plays, and pantomime.  
Gay men would laugh at him, and sages tried,

To lesson excellence that touched their pride :  
His piety was titled madman's rant,  
His hope a lie, his converse pious cant ;  
His deadness to the world was deemed disgust,  
His faith was fable, and his love was lust.  
His pious ardor,—O insidious hate !—  
To church was schism, treason 'gainst the state :  
His wide benevolence, had malice tried,  
Could she with more malignity have lied ?  
His wide benevolence, that gaily shed,  
A brilliant halo round his hoary head,  
Was hence a hook to grapple power and fame,  
And gain the lustre of a deathless name.  
He, fix'd as fate, on truth's immortal base,  
Rose like a pyramid amid disgrace ;  
Serenely shone, and when he brightly set,  
Left Europe and the moral world in debt.

*Charles Wesley, the Sweet Singer of Israel.*

Thou too art gone sweet leader of the choir ;  
Thou soul of music with a seraph's lyre.  
When royal David made his final will,  
Sweet fancy added this last codicil ;  
“ To Solomon I give my crown and throne ;  
This sacred harp shall Watts and Wesley own.”  
And thou hast touched the strings with so much skill,  
The Hebrew Melodist enchants us still.  
Thy peerless hymns each nice distinction trace,  
Each shade of mind, each lineament of grace,  
From the first pious thought, or infant ray  
Of moral light to God's refulgent day.  
Thy muse from every rose on Zion's hill,  
From every fountain and from every rill,

Has culled divinest sweets of every kind,  
To charm the ear, to purify the mind ;  
Thy living lines, a moral mirror prove,  
They shew us all we fear, and hope and love,  
And give us back, in fairest beauty drest,  
“ The image pre-existing in our breast.”  
When shady grief has o’er my bosom stole,  
When fears and doubts have paralyzed my soul ;  
Some sweetly pleasing strains of thine have charmed ;  
With light illumed me, and with comfort warmed.  
How oft, through thy seraphic hymns have I  
With rapt affections mounted to the sky ;  
Pleased have I read each stanza, till I blest  
The tuneful tongue, that charmed my fears to rest ;  
Applied a balm to heal my every woe,  
And taught my eye to smile, my heart to glow ;  
To my enraptured musing, Eden showed,  
Then bade me fly along the blissful road.  
But thou art gone where every note is love,  
To live the Laureat of the realms above ;  
To chant, to warble, in angelic ears,  
Strains that delight us, in this vale of tears ;  
O may they charm us, till our spirits rise,  
To meet our sweetest Minstrel in the skies !  
Where every saint shall wave his golden palm,  
And David, Watts, and Wesley, lead the psalm.

*The beloved John.*

Near those bright names, record another saint,  
O ! might I copy him, as well as paint ;  
Fletcher, the man of flaming faith and love,  
The fearless lion and the gentle dove :  
Adorned with heaven-born gifts of eloquence,

The richest fancy and the ripest sense ;  
Learning, the fairest flower that blooms on earth,  
Enchanting nymph, of true Castalian birth,  
(Though oft, alas, the inauspicious bride,  
Of pedant airs or ostentatious pride)  
O'er his rich mind its sevenfold lustre shed ;  
Yet he was lowly ; here no pride it bred :  
It was a loveliness that gaily shone,  
In each admiring eye except his own.  
But learning with its mild, luciferous rays,  
Was only Godlike Fletcher's second praise ;  
His holy deeds a mystic light displayed,  
Which not the veil of modesty could shade :  
The "pitcher" fail'd the brilliant lamp to screen,  
And through the "earthen vase" the gold was seen ;  
A twin, a transcript of "beloved John,"  
In softness, sweetness, mildness, meekness one :  
Here piety unveiled her shadeless white,  
His heart her throne, his life her mirror bright ;  
His heart from each unlovely temper freed,  
His life a living comment on his creed.  
Baptized into the mystic life he saw,  
The bright unfolding of Jehovah's law :  
He longed the depths to fathom, breadths t' explore,  
To run the lengths, and to the summit soar  
Of love divine—this ever "burning coal,"  
This "living lamp," was lighted in his soul ;  
On love's angelic car he sweetly rode,  
The "mount of God," was his divine abode.  
Accept this tribute from a muse unpaid ;  
O "saint in light !" O ever honor'd shade !  
'Tis nobly just to venerate the dead,  
When glory beams around the dying bed ;  
Crowns with a lovely radiance poor clay,  
And wafts in gales of bliss the soul away.

*Coke, the Zealous Promoter of Missions.*

Where shines the lustre of our Fletcher's fame,  
Fair truth, shall register another name ;  
A man of Xavier's mission flame possessed,  
God's honored legate to the woody west :  
Who in the torrid, or the temperate zone,  
With ardent zeal and living lustre shone.  
For Africans, he warmest pity felt ;  
For them his eyes would flow, his bosom melt.  
In latest life, his love no limits knew,  
The circuit widened as the Christian grew ;  
He long'd to plant the cross from pole to pole,  
And missions, God except, had all his soul.  
But how can verse the strong emotion trace,  
That glow'd within for all the Ethnic race ;  
How follow his benevolent career,  
From zone to zone, o'er this terrestrial sphere :  
His vast success, his apostolic zeal,  
Scarce more the flame-winged host of seraphs feel.  
Nor Albion's shores, nor fair Antille's isles ;  
Nor trans-atlantic worlds, could bound his toils ;  
Where first the morning greets the eastern skies,  
O'er the wild waves, to Brammah's world he flies :  
And stretched his ample soul, to grasp and bless,  
All India, as his boundless diocese :  
Till, over ardent for its "house of clay,"  
It burst the brittle shell, and soared away,  
To him who bade the vital essence glow,  
With flame seraphic in a world of wo.

*A Bird of Paradise.*

Would I describe a flame of purest zeal,  
Such as Apostles felt, and Seraphs feel ;



Each sacred lineament and trait divine  
Of seraph ardor, holy Walsh were thine !  
'Twas thine to cross an ocean of distress,  
Then dwell with Jesus in "the wilderness ;"  
To taste the prophet's wormwood, grief and gall,  
Complain with Job, and symbolize with Paul :  
Like him, to suffer pain, reviling, loss,  
Yet glory in the conflict and the cross ;  
" Fightings without, and fears within " sustain,  
Smile at reproach and triumph over pain.  
Rapid, yet calm, I see thee upward move,  
Thy life all labor, and thy heart all love ;  
Love, such as many a holy martyr crowned,  
When the flames' fiery anguish wrapp'd him round.  
A thread of study, diligence and zeal,  
Encircled thy short life's revolving wheel ;  
Though brief and sharp thy pilgrimage of pain,  
No season fled, no hour escaped in vain :  
So like thy mortal, was thy moral race,  
The youth in nature, was a sire in grace ;  
Thy victim death, in manhood's early bloom,  
Yet ripe for bliss he triumphed o'er the tomb :  
Thus, when the crimes of graceless Hebrews spread,  
And men by priests, and priests by sin were led ;  
God, in a car by flaming cherubs driven,  
Conveyed the prophet's spotless soul to heaven.

*The Columbian Missionary.*

My friend, my patron on a foreign shore,  
Which hostile arms, has tinged with British gore !  
My Asbury, has thy pure spirit flown,  
To sinless Eden's ever-blooming zone.  
On thy dark pines, America suspend  
Each silent harp ! deplore a pastor friend ;

Who through thy range immense of forest shade,  
Twice twenty years the banner cross displayed.  
Remote, where Erie skirts Canadia's shore,  
Or where the Mohawk's boiling torrents roar,  
I hear his voice—and next his footsteps trace  
Near fir-girt Alleghany's mighty base :  
Along Ohio's banks, I see him press,  
Through tracks immense of gloomy wilderness ;  
Emerging where the wide Atlantic roars  
'Gainst Carolina's swamp-extended shores.  
Anon, I see him distant many a mile,  
“Faint, yet pursuing” the delicious toil ;  
Where Richmond lifts her turrets o'er the floods,  
And wide Potomac quits Virginia's woods.  
Through wet savannahs, muddy creeks and bogs,  
O'er streams not bridg'd, or bridg'd with rotten logs,  
He fearless urged along the forest maze,  
With oft no turnpike but the settler's blaze :  
With oft no inn, when he had done his ride,  
But a log hut, where smoke and gnats preside ;  
With oft no food, no soft inviting bed,  
Save the hard ground, and sodden buck-wheat bread.  
Yet he had transport, he would often smile,  
A living ministry can all beguile ;  
Along the forest, or along the flood,  
His heart was buoyant ; he was doing good.  
To toil for Christ was paradise below,  
Repose he deemed the harbinger of woe ;  
Joyous the world of Jesus' grace to tell,  
This all his element, or sick or well ;  
By night or noon, in every place his theme,  
On Vermont's ridges, or Missouri's stream ;  
To plant the cross, his glory, crown and care,  
By Hudson's banks, or winding Delaware.  
Thro' fog and frost, thro' snow-drift, heat and blast,



This "man of God," this forest Bishop passed,  
Twice forty hundred miles of wide career,  
Within the limits of each circling year.  
And is it thus to be a Bishop, say—  
Ye who in courts and levees spend the day?  
If labor only formed a Bishop's see,  
All satin preachers would refuse the fee:  
'Twould try each "downy doctor" to the quick;  
Prefer'd to Coke's or Asbury's bishopric;  
Not one of all the courtly race would fret,  
To wear the Mitre, if in iron set.  
No soaring theologian would itch,  
In such a temple, to fill up a niche;  
The throne episcopal, in vain might call,  
The Bishop's palace and the golden stall.

*Obituary continued.*

As beauteous leaves drop from the trees and fade,  
When gloomy Autumn sweeps along the glade,  
Our "fathers die," the "prophets are no more;"  
Life's but an isthmus, to the awful shore  
Of vast eternity—my soul prepare!  
A pulse, a breath, a moment lands thee there!  
Ah! what is time! the turnpike to the shroud!  
And what is life? an iris on a cloud;  
Awake my anxious heart! with caution steer,  
Death's dreary continent of souls is near.  
A moment men their little playthings use,  
War, arts and science these, and I my muse;  
Another moment and the tale is done!  
We bid adieu to annual stars and sun:  
Another world succeeds, of woe or bliss,  
Of gloom or glory, as we live in this!  
Thrice happy they, who die to all below,

And raise a tax of bliss from every wo ;  
Live greatly, wisely, live to God alone,  
Seek man's salvation, and secure their own !  
Such only *sleep* in dust, they never die,  
The grave is but a portal to the sky !

*A Primitive Preacher.*

Stop muse, o'er Nelson's ashes drop a tear ;  
The man of worth, for all was patent here :  
The wondrous man, of strong unlettered sense,  
A moveless bulwark in the truth's defence.  
Him, neither lures could charm nor terrors awe,  
The captain's insult, nor the quorum's law,  
Nor prison gloom, could his firm purpose shake,  
Nor bigot rage, whose logic is a stake.  
Midst surging waves he rose a solid rock,  
Beat back the billows and defied the shock ;  
If other refuge failed he nobly stood,  
Resolved to seal his mission with his blood :  
Nor men, nor fiends could make him quit his post,  
The truth had formed him mighty as a host.

*A Man of Mind.*

Mather is fled, in whose capacious mind,  
Sound sense and solid piety were joined ;  
Truth on his breast impressed her sacred seal,  
Gave him the eye to scan, the heart to feel,  
And he—though not with Egypt's lore was wise :  
His knowledge was imported from the skies.  
For ready wit and prudent counsel famed,  
Here blush ye learned clerks and be ashamed !  
Professors sage and classic teaching schools,  
May give an artificial mind to fools ;

May showy tinsel ornaments dispense ;  
His was the bullion of superior sense ;  
Wisdom had form'd him on her noblest plan,  
In mind and matter he was wholly man :  
She taught him science no preceptors teach,  
Justly to judge and happily to preach.

*A Meek Minister.*

If gentle manners, with a soul refined,  
A placid temper, a superior mind,  
Are fair impressions of the stamp divine,  
Meek Hanby, these were luminously thine !  
Peace to thy pious spirit now at rest ;  
With gifts like thine be every pastor blest !

*The weeping Prophet.*

Mild-hearted Murlin, how shall words express  
Seraphic zeal, transformed to tenderness :  
When down the cheeks unbidden sorrows roll,  
Tears have an eloquence that touch the soul :  
And thine, O weeping prophet ! often ran  
In streams of pity for rebellious man.  
Oh zeal ! how beautiful thy form appears,  
In the bright mirror of a good man's tears :  
Let the cold moralizing reasoner sneer,  
All Oxford's logic is not worth a tear ;  
Who sows his seed in undissembled grief,  
Shall have, when harvest comes, full many a sheaf ;  
Ah ! how unlike the systematic drone,  
Wrapt in the ices of his frigid zone,  
Who, cold himself, dare reprobate all fire,  
So torpid laps their frozen shores admire.  
But who, the vital gospel would impart,

Admits the wounded, is the wounding heart ;  
Where " brands " are rescued from eternal flame,  
Passion is reason ; transport who can blame.

*The Pious Druid.*

With age and care and grief and pain opprest,  
Lo tuneful Olivers is now at rest !  
Him inborn genius taught serene to shine ;  
So glows the ruby in its native mine :  
Blest with the gifts of music, song and speech,  
Yet swift to learn, as eloquent to teach :  
A firm asserter of the godlike plan  
That offers life to universal man :  
Embracing, with an amplitude of grace,  
The multitudinous, Adamic race ;  
Now throned in light, to chant in living lays  
His " God of Abram's " everlasting praise.

*The Righteous little known.*

But " time would fail " to record every name,  
Unknown to poetry, unknown to fame,  
Not graved in bronze, nor cut in Parian stone ;  
The just man's annals are but little known ;  
Yet in the book of life they shine above,  
Writ by the adamantine pen of love :  
On leaves more durable than brass or steel,  
She graves the faithful record of their zeal.  
Nor shall at least one unaspiring muse,  
A willing tribute to their worth refuse :  
*Sic Vivitur*, she writes on every bust,  
And plants her living amaranths o'er their dust.  
Let others grasp for gain, the vocal shell,  
The blaze of war, the pomp of triumph tell ;

O'er the soft lyre, with nimble fingers fly,  
To chant a rosy lip, or lucid eye ;  
One song, or be it ridiculed or read,  
Shall wake sweet recollections of the dead,  
Exhibit worth, and while they sleep in dust,  
Emblazon wide the virtues of the just.  
Tho' "stars" bright flaming round the throne of bliss,  
Receive no lustre from a verse like this.

*A Plain Good Man.*

The tide of death, that down life's valley rolls,  
Has hurried Pawson to the land of souls ;  
Pawson the good, the useful and the wise,  
Forsakes our stormy shores for calmer skies ;  
He meekly passed, through life's tumultuous scene,  
With manners gentle and a soul serene ;  
Without the splendor dazzling gifts impart,  
He was a pastor dear to every heart :  
Truth, order, plainness, through his conduct ran,  
And sweet simplicity adorned the man,  
Not learned, but in that volume deeply read  
Which warms the heart, irradiates the head ;  
Faithful he lived to God, with every breath,  
Had peace in life, and hope and joy in death.

*A Veteran Preacher.*

One fate awaits the wise man and the fool,  
Hence Hopper treads death's sullen vestibule ;  
But lo ! he walks serenely through the shade,  
No gloomy fears his dauntless soul invade ;  
Faith, hope and patient love take mercy's hand,  
Who shows across the vale "Immanuel's land ;"  
Shows him the cross, whence grace and glory dart,  
And bids the joy of glory warm his heart ;

With the bright lamp of promise gilds the gloom,  
That leads to Eden through the dreary tomb ;  
Hence, like a summer sun he sinks to rest,  
Death smiled, for death was like a seraph drest.

*The Winning Pastor.*

Another bird of paradise is flown,  
Another star is set, that brightly shone ;  
Cownley has shot the gulf, and lo ! he rides,  
On the calm bosom of Elysian tides ;  
Safe anchored on the beatific shore  
Where neither calms impede, nor tempests roar.  
A sage in sense, in piety a saint ;  
His moving eloquence, what pen can paint ;  
Serenely soft as summer's balmy dew,  
Mild as the morn and as refreshing too.  
Athirst for God he agonized to prove  
And preach (O sweet extreme !) redeeming love.

*A Holy Itinerant.*

Devoted Valton ! thou hast passed the bourne,  
From which, or bliss or wo, no souls return,  
Thy record is on high—but can we less,  
Than chronicle thy ardent holiness :  
Thou wast of other times ; but we thine heirs,  
Possess thy rich inheritance of prayers.

*"A Cloud of Witnesses."*

This life how bright so'er its prospect bloom,  
Is but a pilgrim's journey to the tomb :  
A narrow bridge, whose rapid river rolls,  
To death's wide gulf, all disembodied souls.  
That gloomy avenue, our fathers trod :



They shot that gulf, and gained the throne of God.  
Unfading glories, now their toils requite,  
Rich jasper palaces and robes of light;  
Though Rankin, Webb and Whatcoat sleep in dust,  
Faith sees them in the mansions of the just;  
There Grimshaw, Broadbent, Bradburn I behold,  
Shepherds beloved in the Redeemer's fold.  
Lo! Barber, Bramwell, Bradsley, Taylor, stand,  
Hailing the glories of the golden land :  
Or wander o'er the bright Elysian soil,  
Where fadeless bloom and perfect beauty smile.  
Nor will I thee, O Rutherford, forget !  
Resplendent 'gem in Jesus' coronet ;  
A pastor truly dear to all his flock,  
Mild as a lamb, unshaken as a rock ;  
Prompt to obey, submissive to endure,  
His love was ardent, his religion pure ;  
So pure, the lip of malice could not blame,  
So ardent, dying could not quench the flame :  
O! might I catch his mantle, nobly trace,  
His every step through all the realms of grace,  
And when I quit this animated clod,  
Like him, adore the Lamb and soar to God !  
And many more the muse cannot recite,  
Have joined their brethren in the realms of light :  
Another still, and still another flies,  
Like birds of passage to serener skies ;  
To reap in glory, what they sowed in wo,  
And wear the crown, they suffered for below.  
O ever honor'd saints ! accept the lines,  
A timid poet, offers at your shrines,  
Happy, unspotted worth to celebrate,  
More happy, could he reach your joyous state ;  
Like you the race of shame and glory run,  
Then hear the plaudit of the judge, " well done."





# SKETCHES.

## PART II.

*Many are we now and one,  
We who Jesus have put on :  
Plac'd according to his will,  
Let us all our work fulfil.  
Never from our office move :  
Needful to each other prove :  
Use the grace on each bestow'd,  
'Temper'd by the art of God.*

C. WESLEY.

*“ Be ye followers of them.”*

Thus far, the fathers of the cause we sung,  
In timid verse, and with a faltering tongue ;  
To their true filial offspring now we turn,  
In whom their spirits live, their graces burn.  
O ye devoted unaspiring men !  
Seals of their word, “ epistles ” of their pen :  
Legitimated sons, successors, heirs,  
Both of their preaching, privilege and prayers ;  
Keep these bright worthies ever in your eye :  
And study thus, to labor, live and die.  
Our Zion's base was laid by them alone,  
They from the quarry dug each shapeless stone :  
The land was waste, no thoroughfare appeared :  
They cut the path, they nobly pioneered,  
Through wood and wild, o'er many a deep morass,

The causeway rose, we now securely pass.  
Though envy sneered, and bigotry reviled,  
And viper malice hissed, they ceaseless toil'd ;  
One hand the trowel held, and one the spear ;  
And oft they preyed, for oft the foe was near.  
In vain " the heathen raged " in vain opposed,  
The path was opened and the ground enclosed ;  
Then rose this noble edifice sublime ;  
Whose solid base, shall mock corroding time :  
This " house of mercy," this asylum sure ;  
This " ark of rest," this " shechem " for the poor :  
A quiet haven, from the storm secured,  
Where mine—and many a sheltered bark has moored.

*How the Work began.*

" The cloud was little " when it first began,  
Along the hemisphere, it swiftly ran ;  
And where it fell in fertilizing rain,  
It turned the desert, to a flowery plain.  
From side to side of this enquiring land  
Flew the warm leader of the future band ;  
The city first the joyful tidings hailed,  
But wider soon, truth triumphed and prevailed ;  
From dawning twilight, to meridian day  
It shone, and myriads confessed its sway.  
Pardon and peace, through faith in Jesus' blood,  
But few allowed and fewer understood.  
Who of his merit made a gainful trade,  
Saw all his hopes and smiling prospects fade :  
Whence wrecked and ruined by the mighty loss,  
He clung insolvent to the refuge cross :  
And when the wretch was able to confide,  
The power of sin—the pride of morals died.

*How first the Preachers were raised up.*

From south to north the apostolic man,  
Winged with pure love, displayed the saving plan ;  
“ The living light,” his toiling steps beguiled ;  
And thousands felt the vital balm and smiled :  
Felt its diffusing light and truth within ;  
’Twas a lamp shining through the realms of sin :  
A record of their wretchedness and guilt ;  
A record of the blood Immanuel spilt ;  
A record of remission fair impressed,  
On the soft tablet, of a contrite breast :  
A record of the truth, that saves from all  
The ruins and the relics of the fall.  
Some, who within the blood-bought pardon found,  
Felt yearning pity, for their friends around ;  
Yet filled with awe, they trembled to impart  
The glowing comfort, they had found at heart.  
But though they tried at first the cross to shun,  
And hid within their breast what God had done ;  
An impulse followed them by night and day,  
Strong in their thoughts, but strongest when they pray ;  
Till bolder grown, they burst the ties of fear,  
And published what the universe should hear.  
The truth prevailed, for they would often melt,  
Alive to feeling—others also felt :  
Musing, from whence such liberty could come,  
Their listening auditors were often dumb :  
And with attention, still as midnight hour,  
Hang on their lips and every word devour.  
At first the speakers but described the change  
They felt within, then took a wider range ;  
And wider still ; for liberty was given  
T’ expatiate free, o’er all the plans of heaven.  
To fields, to hedges, to highways they flew ;

The scene was novel, and the actors too :  
Vast multitudes the force of truth confessed,  
By heaven writ—on many a contrite breast.

*High Church Prejudice :—the Work proceeds.*

The ardent Leader, soon the tidings reach,  
That men unclassical had dared to preach :  
He tried, for he was Churchman from a child,  
To check what seemed irregular and wild.  
But how could he the force of truth withstand :  
'Twas God's own work—and who could stay his hand ?  
His high-church prejudice, his college lore,  
His stiffness, which had never stooped before,  
Gave way—he saw, he felt the sacred sign,  
He saw and gloried in the work divine.  
God gave the word, the life imparting sound ;  
The heralds of immortal truth abound :  
With eagle speed they fly to every part,  
For love's elastic touch impelled the heart.  
Some in our sister Isle the standard raise,  
These Cambria's valleys seek, those Scotia's braes.  
Some fly across the wide Atlantic wave,  
Thy emigrants, America to save !  
Or south, where many a sable captive's groan  
Sounds through the Islands of the torrid zone,  
They ran to cheer the slave with "joyful sounds,"  
And pour God's life elixir o'er his wounds.  
Some seek the lost on Australasia's shore ;  
Others, the wilds of Africa explore,  
'Midst burning sands, their precious lives expose,  
A brief career by fatal fever close ;  
Or in the Libian lion's fearful track,  
They rove to bring the Ethiopian back  
To God, and bid a moral Eden rise,

Where only frightful wilds salutes the eyes.  
Some seek yon fisher's isle across the tide,  
Where frost and fog perennially reside :  
Their willing zeal to save the lost defies  
Cold Canada, or burning Ceylon's skies :  
And on yon frowning rock, that ever braves  
Iberia's sons and fierce Atlanta's waves,  
They raise a rampart against pride and lust ;  
They plant the cross, the bulwark of the just.  
Still may they labor on at God's command,  
Till "light and truth," encircle every land ;  
Till every nation, on this spotted ball,  
Bow to the Lamb and "crown him Lord of all."

*First Preachers worthy of all Esteem.*

And shall bright intellect, or talent smile,  
Degrade my heroes, or condemn my toil ?  
Shall they, who reap the fields our sires have sown,  
Give them the chaff, and call the wheat their own ?  
Or, in the littleness of self-esteem,  
Pronounce them only milk, ourselves the cream ?  
Perish the foul unmanly thought that would  
In their gay garland blast a single bud !  
For them no tombs are built, no statues raised ;  
Then let us not be niggards when they're praised.  
The man who points a joke at their expense,  
Outrages virtue, decency and sense ;  
And who, his boasted plume of talent rears,  
On the imagined littleness of theirs,  
May hear, to check his vain presumptuous boasts,  
"Write this man childless," saith the Lord of hosts.  
Alone and hated in a world of strife,  
They sought no flesh-born privilege in life :  
Whatever little minds delightful call,



Whate'er was hated by heroic Paul ;  
They nobly trampled on, they "counted loss ;"  
Believe, Love, Suffer, blazoned on a cross,  
Was their true motto, which alone expressed,  
The living, ruling, tempers of their breast :  
Hence, as the quivering needle seeks the pole,  
They ceaseless pressed to the appointed goal.

*They were divinely fitted for their Work.*

Wisdom howe'er misjudged by erring pride,  
"In all her sons is clearly justified :"  
The means and end harmoniously agree ;  
The soil and clime are suited to the tree.  
God called a lukewarm nation to repent,  
"He gave the word" and "sons of thunder" sent.  
What Luther was, our predecessors were ;  
He scorned the two-faced hypocrite to spare :  
To open vice they showed a fiery law,  
And struck the daring reprobate with awe :  
Who splits a rock requires a sledge to suit,  
No man e'er thundered with a melting lute.  
What, if the present race more light possess,  
Their zeal was greater, and their leisure less :  
They roused the wretch's hopes, alarmed his fears,  
Fine words are only music in his ears.  
The critic's niceness, all the scholar's mind,  
All Davy's arts and Newton's science joined,  
Whate'er the polished pastor may assert,  
Did ne'er the dead in trespasses convert.  
But they, with holy energy broke in,  
And stormed the citadel of pride and sin.  
Their fervent spirits no excuse allowed,  
The stubborn glebe they resolutely ploughed ;  
And when the clods had felt the parting share



They sowed the truth, and watered all with prayer.  
Others the palm of learning may secure,  
Their zeal was burning, and their creed was pure.

*“ The Bible was their Religion.”*

The Bible was their “ oracle” of wit,  
Both when they reasonéd and when they writ;  
With bible words and bible maxims stored;  
The spirit’s record and “ the spirit’s sword;  
The darts of God on every side were hurled,  
And Truth, their lever, shook the moral world.  
Truth, was their Alpha, when the work was small;  
Truth, was their Omega, the crown of all;  
Truth, on their streaming banners gaily shone,  
’Twas their sheet anchor, and Palladium stone;  
Hence, on their charter this inscription ran,  
“ Truth is the triumph of immortal man ! ”  
Thus pious Latimer in Mary’s time,  
When sloth was canonized and Scripture crime;  
Slung to his belt, forever near his heart,  
Wore the saint’s vade mecum, guide and chart,  
The living oracles, the hallowed Tome,  
That shook “ the gates of Hell ” and papal Rome.  
Of these pure springs, whence “ living waters flow,”  
These “ nether fountains,” in a world of wo,  
Our fathers always drank and often drew,  
For still the taste was sweet, the waters new.  
In this fair garden they would often rove,  
And meet the Deity in every grove.  
The Book inspired, was their supreme delight,  
By day their study, and their song by night;  
Their map of Paradise, their code divine,  
Their Delphic temple and Dodonian shrine:  
Here no wild sybil from the Cuma cave,

No lying demon, double answers gave.  
The mystic gems on holy Aaron's breast,  
By which, "I AM" his oracles expressed,  
Shone forth unveiled, in every sacred line,  
Where living light and full perfection shine.

*They were afraid of Novelties and Theories.*

No doubtful theories would they admit,  
No whims of critic, no high flights of wit,  
To render muddy, truth's pellucid streams,  
By learning's dogmas, or enthusiast's dreams.  
The simpleness of truth with them was all,  
Hence, fifty \* \* \* \* would not have made one Paul.  
All revelation's record they received,  
And truth alone implicitly believed.  
To reason, second honors they allowed;  
But only to unerring Scripture bowed.  
'Tis not the best specific for a doubt,  
Always to search the why and wherefore out:  
Some things we should believe because we must,  
Or where would be the excellence of trust?  
Where reason fails, there faith must ply the oar,  
When we the vast abyss of truth explore;  
Lest, dashing fiercely on presumption's reef,  
We founder in the gulfs of unbelief.  
There is a fixed and everlasting line,  
Where what is known, and what is hidden join:  
On this side, all is luminous and bright,  
On that, eternal gloom and rayless night;  
Our fathers saw the limit, were afraid  
To tempt that region of perpetual shade.  
Both truth and nature have their hidden stores,  
Which not a Clark or Newton's eye explores:  
The "depths of God," unfathomed and profound,

With reason's plummet, who, alas, can sound !  
Or measure peerless mysteries divine,  
With ratiocination's scanty line.  
Thro' glooms unpierced, by reason's glow-worm ray,  
Faith shed a living lustre on their way ;  
Hence, all the plan beatific they saw,  
The "land of promise," and the mount of law ;  
The fatal fall ; the remedy decreed ;  
Man lost, till an atoning Savior bleed ;  
The filial God for turpitude atones,  
And leaves the homage of celestial thrones ;  
Bids earth attend, angelic hosts approve,  
The blood-writ covenant of dying love.  
Now flaming seraphs man's redemption sing,  
The lyre of love admits another string ;  
Thrones, angels, gods, the bleeding story tell ;  
How Godhead suffered, and how mankind fell :  
And devils howl it through the dark abyss,  
That man is now the legatee of bliss.  
O let it echo all creation round !  
Till pagan lands shall "know the joyful sound ;"  
Fly to the cross, and claim a blood-bought right,  
To harps of angels and to thrones of light.  
This living fountain "flowing from the throne,"  
This scheme of love, to patriarchs unknown,  
Our fathers saw ; here all their bliss began ;  
This formed the platform of their beauteous plan.

*General Redemption.*

In this wide ocean of infinite grace,  
They saw a fulness for the human race.  
When love divine, our common nature owned,  
For all in flesh, his passion pangs atoned :  
Hence, streams of mercy issued from his side,

Free as the light, unbounded as the tide  
That rolls its vast immensity of waves,  
And every shore and every island laves.

*Repentance.*

Yet wide and deep as Gospel blessings roll,  
And free, (if sought,) for every human soul;  
Till man his crimes deplore, his sins dismiss,  
They bade him at his peril taste the bliss :  
Bliss, which no soul impenitent can prove ;  
Contrition, is the only gate of love.  
Heaven's balm alone, by broken hearts is felt ;  
Metal is never moulded till it melt :  
The wax is softened ere the seal impress ;  
True joy's precursor, ever was distress.  
Men sow the fruitful seed in softened ground,  
And ere the balsam flows, the tree they wound.  
The Gospel cannot charm, the spirit draw,  
Till man has felt the lashes of the law :  
So our first pastors taught, and so should all,  
Who imitate the prophets and St. Paul.

*Faith and Holiness.*

They taught, that living faith its fruit must show,  
If pure the fountain, pure the stream below :  
To guilt and crime, if vital hope succeeds,  
The mystic life is known, by moral deeds.  
The ground is good where richest pastures rise ;  
The tree benign, that wholesome fruit supplies.  
Ask you the cause why peace and meekness bloom,  
Why sweeten life, and beautify the tomb ?  
Ask you the cause why angry feeling sleeps,  
And the meek sufferer only sighs and weeps ?

Why sin is hated as a deadly ill,  
And the calm soul on "tumult's wheel is still?"  
Ask you the cause, why, on yon bed of pain  
No plaint escapes him—and why "death is gain?"  
Whence flows the fine philanthropy of mind,  
Which feels for every man, of every kind?  
Whence rose that sweet delight in God alone,  
That joy, fast-flowing from Immanuel's throne?  
Those blest sensations, words can ne'er define,  
When the enraptured heart, says "Christ is mine."  
Who bade contrition's tear suffuse the eyes,  
And who the fire of gratitude supplies?  
Who poured that loving temper o'er the breast?  
Who, pride, and hate, and selfishness, supprest?  
Whence sprang that hope, which beams in every smile,  
And who supplies devotion's lamp with oil?  
Ask you the cause?—'tis faith in Jesus' blood,  
The sun, the sea, of every moral good.

*The Witness of the Spirit.*

Whoe'er is blest, our moral sires maintained,  
Soon ascertains the blessing he has gained.  
A ray of truth shines inward to attest,  
Man's fair progression to eternal rest:  
What all believers feel, but none define,  
A sky-writ record of the work divine:  
To seal, confirm, authenticate, and prove,  
His vital share in covenanted love.

*Perfect Love.*

Our fathers taught, in many a warm address,  
Salvation's crown—pure, perfect holiness;  
That when the soul, the hallowing fire renews,



And God, in man, his effigy reviews ;  
Fair truth and reason, like two Spartans reign,  
The mind their royal seat, the heart their fane ;  
Their sceptre grace, their code a "law of love ;"  
Their crest an olive branch, their arms a dove :  
Beneath their sway, the dragon sin is chain'd ;  
And forfeit paradise is now regained ;  
Faith, meekness, zeal, united empire hold,  
And joy unmixed, restores the age of gold ;  
Each thought impure is blasted in the bud,  
Each duty sprinkled with atoning blood ;  
Who bids the ocean billows rest or roll,  
Has fixed devotion's temple in the soul :  
A train of living graces deck his throne,  
By which the infelt deity is known ;  
The cause at once, in the effect is seen,  
We know the spring is come when all is green :  
The splendid court, the royal presence shews,  
And though unseen, its scent betrays the rose :  
So when the heart is purified and clean,  
God's moral image in the soul is seen ;  
It shines reflected, as in glass we trace,  
When pure the surface, face reflecting face.  
The attracted heart its central sun obeys,  
"Prayer all its business, all its pleasure praise ;"  
The rest of sabbath reigns, no passions rise,  
No passions, but have kinsmen in the skies.  
The fire that burns within has clean destroyed,  
The dregs of passion and the dross of pride :  
Man grasps the beatific prize, nor waits  
For death, to open blooming Eden's gates :  
Jesus is "all in all," each tie is broke,  
And light and easy sits the Saviour's yoke.



*Salvation by Grace.*

Salvation they ascribed to boundless grace,  
From first to last, both edifice and base :  
No partner would they suffer on his throne,  
He wears the kingly diadem alone.  
His love uncaused, the cause of all our good ;  
The means his passion, and the price his blood :  
He has no fellow, colleague or compeer,  
Man is the clay and Christ the potter here !  
When light and heat, forth issued from the sun,  
His word commanded and the day begun :  
If purer light benighted men illume,  
His spirit was the " day-spring " midst the gloom.  
At his almighty fiat rose to birth,  
Both the blue sky and flower enameled earth ;  
He speaks and lo ! his potent voice controls,  
The moral chaos in degenerate souls :  
Pride, passion, unbelief, and rage o'erthrows,  
And the first morn of new creation glows.  
Merit in man, is but a popish tale,  
'Tis lighter than a feather in the scale  
Of awful justice,—that impartial test  
Proclaims our duties, vanity at best.  
Merit ! shall any human spirit dare,  
Bold sacrilege, this robe of Jesus wear ?  
No, lay thy head proud pharisee in dust,  
Let grace alone and mercy be thy trust.  
Mercy ! O what a mystic charm is there !  
To save a soul just sinking to despair.  
O sacred amulet ! thou bid'st depart,  
The gloomy demons that afflict the heart.  
Here rest my shipwrecked soul though billows swell,  
This plank will save thee from the depths of hell.  
However faint, this cheering balm apply,  
The soul revives, the sinner cannot die.

Justice may fulminate and wrath pursue,  
But here's a haven, an asylum too :  
Here, here, I rest, on this almighty prop,  
Though, quivering o'er the gulf, I cannot drop ;  
I cannot sink, this buoys above the waves :  
I am not lost—this final refuge saves :  
From this I will not stir, I'll not depart,  
While life's warm current eddies round my heart ;  
Let others boast their piety, I dare  
Not for a moment, seek my safety there !  
Let others of their merits make a trade,  
Beware my soul, of hopes that bloom to fade.  
A rest ! a rest ! I want a rest that braves,  
Wrath's angry tempest and devouring waves ;  
I look around through time's distressful gloom,  
For peace of mind, for hope beyond the tomb ;  
I look, but look in vain, they are not found  
Amid life's walks, or moral duty's round ;  
A thousand gloomy fears my mind engross,  
I sink, but mercy saves me through the cross !

*The Filial Deity.*

They taught that Christ was God's eternal son,  
E'er glowed yon silver orbs, or time begun ;  
The son ineffable, " o'er all " confessed,  
Adored by seraphim, by godhead blest :  
The unbeginning fount's coeval stream ;  
Describeless glory's sempiternal beam :  
The flame co-ancient with the sacred fire ;  
The son eternal of the eternal sire.  
But who, the depth of Deity can sound ?  
Vain reason, thou canst never pass this bound,  
Too deep, too high, too bright the radiant blaze,  
Its dazzling brightness stops the seraph's gaze.

*The Crown of all.*

As melted metal takes the shapely mould,  
As shines the die's impress, on ductile gold;  
As softened wax displays the figured seal;  
So may we bear their stamp of love and zeal.  
A holy plainness through their conduct ran.  
They loved to benefit, but dared to ban:  
At self-saved hypocrites, their bolts were hurled;  
But still they wept in secret for the world.  
Religion's pristine honors to restore,  
To make her lovely as in days of yore,  
They toiled with assiduity intense,  
That held no fellowship with flesh and sense:  
And taught mankind, that liturgies and creeds,  
Save none without true faith and holy deeds.

*The Spirit of Elijah rests upon Elisha.*

O may we in their righteous footsteps run!  
And nobly finish what their zeal begun;  
Our Zion then, shall shine with lustre fair,  
While you her walls defend, her banners bear;  
So when the fathers of our Israel die,  
With hopes serene and ripened for the sky,  
New Joshua's and Elisha's shall succeed,  
Our lambs to foster and our flocks to feed;  
Who, as each hoary Moses shall expire,  
Or old Elijah, mount on car of fire,  
Shall catch the prophet's mantle in its flight,  
Copy their lives and follow with delight;  
Flame with their zeal, pursue their noble track;  
And give us in themselves our fathers back!

*Missions.*

Brothers beloved, go on ! your path is clear,  
Truth shows your duty, Providence your sphere :  
The world, the moral world, your succor needs ;  
Now Carib Isles, Ceylon, or India pleads :  
“ Come to our help,” each stormy ocean cross,  
In regions desolate, exalt the cross,  
Here take possession, here the standard lift,  
The lamb’s by purchase and the saints’ by gift.  
“ Come to our help,” immense Canadia cries,  
O’er these green wilds, “ the day star ” shall arise ;  
These woods solicit, these vast lakes implore ;  
Proclaim the cross along Ontario’s shore.  
Throughout th’untravelled regions of the west,  
Be every tribe with light and precept blest ;  
Where down his steeps Niagara is hurled,  
Or vast Superior spreads a fluid world :  
Along Missouri’s stream, or where the woods  
Are intersected by the Sire of floods ;  
In silent solitude’s primeval shades,  
Which but the cow-bell’s tinkling sound invades,  
Let hymns of praise, the listening woodman please,  
And the sweet gospel echo through the trees.

*West Indies.*

“ Come to our help,” yon burning Isles request,  
Yon jasper Archipelago ’ith west :  
Come where perennial bloom and beauty shine,  
While half a million toiling negroes pine.  
Where nature’s flush suffuses all the plains,  
And man’s worst enemy, oppression, reigns.

The captive makes his sorrowful appeal ;  
Fly to his aid on wings of love and zeal ;  
His silent anguish no companion shares,  
For him no parent feels, no pastor cares :  
Debased with crime and leveled to the dust,  
He has no bliss to hope, no God to trust.  
Choked with the weeds of error, sin and wo,  
Ah what a field is this for truth to sow !  
Zeal, pity, love, have here a task assigned,  
Worthy of Brainerd's tongue, and Howard's mind.  
Methinks I hear a black man succour crave,  
"Ah pity massa—pity negur slave !  
No read—no hear de sermon—never pray—  
Me weep—me toil—me burn—me tink all day—  
Me wish me dead and buried, den me slip  
De frowning massa and de flogging whip :  
Me plant—me hoe de cane—me grind—me boil,  
What pleasure hab poor negur all de while ;  
For cruel massa neber look him kind,  
And sick or sad me no compassion find."  
Ah ! 'tis the purest charity to bless,  
The wretch whose unmixed portion is distress :  
Teach him while traversing the torrid clod,  
To lift his eye above and trust in God.  
Tell him of Jesus who benignly saves,  
"The chief of sinners" and the worst of slaves ;  
Inwreath the ills of life he's doomed to bear,  
With joyous hope, with patience, faith and prayer ;  
Around his cot, bid Gospel radiance shine,  
His spirit's wounds assuage with balm divine :  
Till every restless, vexing thought within,  
The pains of slavery, and the pangs of sin,  
Vanish, like sullen shades of night away,  
When blushing morn unbars the gates of day.  
A happy captive now, and freeman too,



Peace in his heart, and paradise in view ;  
He'll bless the ship that whirled him o'er the wave,  
In Carib Isles to be a christian slave.

*South Africa.*

"Come to our help," lost Hottentots invite ;  
Here moral gloom creates perpetual night :  
Come teach poor Caffres great Immanuel's law,  
To save them, bless them, join intrepid Shaw ;  
See him along the dreary region haste,  
His house a wagon, and his home a waste ;  
By day, the sultry sun, by night, the dew,  
Now feverish heats, now chilling rains pursue ;  
But formed to cultivate a rugged field,  
God his support, and Providence his shield ;  
Strong in the might of him "who walked the waves,"  
All toils he conquers, and all danger braves ;  
Unawed by savage beasts, or fierce bushmen,  
"The leopard's mountain," or "the lion's den ;"  
He lifts the cross, erects the mud-built hut,  
In deserts unimpressed by Briton's foot.

*West Africa.*

"Come to our help," each sable tribe implores,  
Where princely Niger cools his sultry shores,  
And rolls along, o'er nations little known,  
In silent grandeur through the torrid zone.  
Or near Tristao's forest-fringed wave ;  
Where British gold has purchased many a slave ;  
Each jetty clan with "light and truth" illumine,  
"Till deserts smile, and like the rose-bush bloom."  
Along each swamp, each dingle, thicket, brake,  
Where lurks the tiger, or the Boa snake ;



Let peaceful domes and cottages arise,  
Let sabbath rest be known and sabbath joys,  
And christian temples, not for pomp but prayer,  
Their lovely heads amid the forest rear ;  
“ The rose of Sharon ” bloom in every grove,  
Each scene be jubilee, each bosom love ;  
And slavery, the curse of every clime,  
Be blotted from the register of time :  
While nations where ferocious lions prowl,  
Peopled with men unconscious of a soul,  
Behold a stream the barren regions cheer ;  
A moral spring shall renovate the year :  
Millions of Africans in Jesus blest,  
Forsake their devil-rites from east to west ;  
And Ethiopia’s lost and outcast shore,  
“ Stretch forth her widowed hand ” and God adore.

*The East.*

Go, holy men, to earth’s remotest shores,  
Where’er the sunbeams play, or ocean roars ;  
Through every oriental clime proclaim,  
In mystic speech, Immanuel’s saving name :  
The mighty task of love and labor ply,  
Till God the gordian knot of cast untie.  
Your pious zeal shall countless millions teach,  
The purest morals in the strangest speech.  
Meanwhile to raise aloft your noble aims,  
And give the pledge a world in ruin claims,  
Think what almighty love for you has done,  
And think what crowns of bliss th’Apostles won.  
Truth leads the van, the beaten path pursue ;  
What men have done—despair not—ye can do.  
Be great—be good—be zealous, still aspire,  
Let noble men and noblest motives fire :

Let Brainerd's zeal and Xavier's ardor charm ;  
Buchanan's stimulate and Martin's warm :  
May Coke's example diligence suggest,  
And Crantz's patience fortify each breast ;  
Elliot and Swartz a living text supply,  
Like Whitfield labor and like Wesley die.  
The time is come when Juggernaut must fall,  
And fair religion triumph through Bengal :  
Each crafty Bramin's artifice shall cease,  
Hindostan's shores, shall hail the prince of peace ;  
O'er all the east, God bids the day-star rise,  
To dash the lurid crescent to the skies ;  
" The word of Christ," shall swift and sweetly run,  
Through all the regions of the rising sun ;  
Till every Asiatic people known,  
Pay grateful homage to Immanuel's throne.

*Candidates.*

From these bright visions of millennial day ;  
My theme recalls th'excursive muse to say,  
How faithful candidates we next admit,  
In union full, to suffragate and sit.  
He who has finished his *probatum est*,  
With fewest faults, for faults attend the best,  
Whose talents, morals, health and holy zeal,  
Stamp on his call, God's attestation seal,  
May now among the brethren lift his head ;  
Nor stern reproof, nor sad expulsion dread.  
But ere the sifting trial is complete,  
That lifts him to an honorable seat,  
A close, a searching inquiry precedes,  
His labors, gifts, his piety and creeds  
Meet every brother's view, that all may see,  
He has Christ's patent for his ministry.

It is not whether he can logic chop,  
Define a broom, philosophize a mop ;  
Truth ! truth's the word ! who barter bread for stones,  
Or meat for metaphysical dry bones ?  
Science is charming with religion joined,  
It brightens talent, beautifies the mind :  
Apart from that, 'tis a "jack-lantern" guide,  
The moth of lowliness, the nurse of pride.  
Can famished sinners feed on latin scraps ?  
Who catches souls must better bait his traps ;  
The man who edifies an hungry flock,  
Should find a richer field than *hic, hæc, hoc*.  
Will an encyclopedia in his head,  
Convert a soul to faith and morals dead ?  
Are spheres and angles, cubes and squares akin,  
To hope and love and rest, from self and sin ?  
The aid of science no man should despise,  
But is our candidate *divinely* wise ?  
Has he himself, the life he would impart,  
The truth-taught mind, the renovated heart ?  
Or takes he all his knowledge from a shelf,  
And preaches what he never felt himself ?  
Love ! love supreme, must animate his breast,  
Or all his preaching is a sacred jest :  
Love is the living preacher's central sun ;  
This fire attracts, if sinful men are won.  
Love forms the useful pastor ; love was all  
With winning John and heart affecting Paul :  
Love, should our Tyro's heart, divinely move,  
Redemption, was the work of sov'reign love.  
This first, this regent grace of all the seven ;  
This plan, this *primum mobile*, of heaven ;  
Must o'er his ministry, a lustre shed ;  
Or priest and people, " dwell among the dead."  
Without this sacred flame, this vital chrism,

The sermon may be fine-wrought mechanism ;  
Correct and clear and orthodox and right ;  
But 'tis the clearness of a wintry night ;  
There is no fire, to melt the frozen soul ;  
The sun is not 'ith zenith, but the pole ;  
I am not warm'd, however, well you preach ;  
A grain of love is, is worth a ton of speech :  
"Among the tombs I dwell," my heart is chill,  
Ah give me love ! for love can warm me still.  
Without it, knowledge, gifts and eloquence,  
The flow of fancy and the force of sense ;  
Tongues, science, logic, what are all, alas !  
But " tinkling cymbal and high sounding brass ! "  
Who feels this fire, though classic doctors rave,  
Has God's diploma guilty men to save ?  
And, though no flaming genius is displayed,  
Are we to cast all humbler gifts in shade ?  
Stars are not equal, view a summer's sky,  
Some brightly shine, some twinkle to the eye ;  
So, in our Titus, can we fairly trace  
The buds of genius, conjunct with grace,  
Germs latent, that by culture soon may shoot  
Aloft their heads and bear delicious fruit.  
But whatsoe'er his talents or address,  
Has the pure spirit crowned them with success ?  
Do special fruits his true vocation show ?  
By these shall all his preaching patent know.  
Can bishop's hands a vital gift impart,  
To save the lost and " bind the broken heart ? "  
What fair diploma, college, or degree,  
Makes man a messenger of God to me ?  
When fruits, the sacred character attest,  
I ask no more—'tis garnish all the rest :  
With such credentials, " known and read of all,"  
We own and ratify the spirit's call.

*Characters Examined.*

This done, another labor quick succeeds,  
A close inquest on every brother's deeds ;  
This useful test our purity insures ;  
This pill all powerful either kills or cures.  
This balance every private action weighs ;  
This crucible each character essays.  
Still let each brother pass this straitened door,  
Still wave this fan along the public floor :  
And though the brazen gates of hell assail,  
The cause of truth shall more and more prevail.  
But while you use the balance and the rod,  
Mix love with justice and resemble God.  
Let each for each a fellow feeling show,  
With candor listen and with kindness glow :  
Where justice might the utmost mite exact,  
Pity should mollify the rigid act.  
True love has always mercy in her view,  
And love that "hopeth all things" must be true.  
Who closes mercy's portal on a friend,  
Should be immaculate, should ne'er offend,  
If public censure on a brother fall,  
Where proof is doubtful and the error small,  
Believe the best, severer thoughts repress,  
And be less swift to censure than redress :  
"Thou, too, art tempted ;" if another slide,  
Scan not his failings with censorious pride :  
The mild, serene, "benignant law of love,"  
Fairest on earth below, or heaven above,  
With those who triumph, or with those who sigh,  
Requires a fellowship of grief and joy ;  
Who bears another's load of grief or care,  
Fulfil its lovely precept to a hair.  
Pure love is better than a world of creeds ;



Not love that flourishes, but love that bleeds :  
A rubric's not the value of a grain,  
Nor would a kingdom buy it, though 'twere Spain.  
Whoe'er is judged, let this alone decide,  
Whoe'er is weighed, put love 'ith lightest side.  
"We all offend," we all forgiveness need,  
Hence love should be the crown of every creed.  
Who deals in wormwood if a colleague fall,  
May have his debt in full repaid in gall.  
A cruel man, howe'er his passions work,  
Is half a fiend, and kinsman to a Turk.  
Pass lightly over microscopic specks ;  
For minor faults, no worthy brother vex :  
Pity the "bruised reed, and smoking flax ;"  
But glaring turpitude severely tax :  
A vicious habit, a pernicious creed,  
Correct severely, expurgate with speed ;  
Howe'er the bleeding member writhe and smart,  
To save the body, amputate the part.

*Stations Read.*

This task dismissed, the stations next succeed ;  
And here some hearts will beat and some will bleed :  
Some tears will fall ; and I myself may weep,  
Yea, lose some hours of soft, refreshing sleep :  
For nature will be nature, spite of all  
That ever sages wrote since Adam's fall :  
We take the lowest place by public voice,  
But duty dictates here, and rarely choice.  
Nature loves honor, ease, and public fame,  
Not hunger, toil, obscurity and shame.  
Some circuits are a Goshen, sure to please,  
And some a wilderness of prickly trees :  
Those, more than what is strictly due afford,



These pinch in clothing, fuel, bed and board.  
A few remain so gentle, soft and kind,  
The preachers meet with all things to their mind :  
Others, put each solicitude to test,  
And even he can't please who does his best :  
Hence, who is sent to Hexham, or to Ayr,  
May deem his lot unpleasant, yea unfair ;  
For though the first essay be wisely planned,  
With all a brother's heart and master's hand ;  
Yet, who could hope, without a seraph's ken,  
To meet the views of twice three hundred men ?  
And three times fifty thousand, who are known  
To have a secret voice behind the throne.  
When first the list is read, serenely hear,  
Nor be the dupe of needless hope or fear ;  
A thousand little changes may succeed,  
And whirl thee from the Severn to the Tweed.  
Wait ! wait ! be patient, passive and discreet,  
Thy wishes and thy lot may nearer meet.  
" Be still " ye throbbing bosoms, cease to sigh !  
A God of love controls the final die.  
To him your every wish in secret state,  
Whose work is wisdom and whose will is fate :  
Man may the helm with nice precision guide,  
But he impels the wind, directs the tide.  
Whate'er by human providence is planned,  
" His council " only, shall unaltered stand.  
Let Providence alone appoint your lot ;  
Nor fix on this or that peculiar spot ;  
For then, whatever trials may befall,  
Thou hast, to please thyself, bespoke them all.

*How to act in reference to Stations.*

Nay prithee, hear thy station, do not fret !  
Thy brethren have no bishopricks as yet :

If to a poor, a meagre quarter sent,  
Be a good Catholic and love thy lent ;  
And if thy little parlor be but small,  
Transmute it by contentment to a hall ;  
For true submission to the general voice,  
Exalts a cottage to a paradise.  
Who clamors for a rich or splendid place,  
May meet a cross to try his every grace ;  
Why ! brethren why ! should cities be the cry ;  
Is there no bliss but municipal joy ?  
Do gales of purest health in cities blow ?  
Do they by charter banish care and wo ?  
Hast thou asthmatic lungs, then fly the spot !  
As quick as from devoted Sodom Lot !  
Peace, joy, content, in no meridian grow ;  
They bloom within us, or they never blow :  
Where duty calls, joy waits her friends command,  
Smiles at her side and journeys hand in hand.  
If Leeds, or vast Londina be bespoke,  
Say who is fond of bustle, noise and smoke.  
Should neither Hull nor Liverpool present ;  
Think of thy tender lungs and be content.  
A spacious, crowded chapel dost thou crave ?  
H \* \* \* found it but a portal to the grave ?  
Stentorian lungs, may bellow through the void ;  
But thou hast frequent stitches in thy side.  
Do Bristol, Glasgow, Bath, thy wishes feed ?  
A ruptured vessel may reprove the deed.  
Sheffield and Manchester may end the strife,  
Or send thee home an invalid for life.  
But hast thou gifts, for city stations fit ?  
Voice, talents, eloquence, politeness, wit ;  
Shall " gallery critics " thy address despise,  
And say " come down," Zaccheus should not rise :  
The niche is narrow some are formed to fill,  
Then leave it to thy brethren and " be still."

If they a city's crowded mart refuse,  
In some sequestered vale thy station choose,  
Improve thy circuit, each appointment keep,  
There sweetly tend thy flock, pray, watch, and weep,  
And cultivate, in that unenvied nook,  
Thy mind, thy heart, thy ministry, thy book;  
Let others shine in gifts, do thou excel,  
In preaching faithfully and living well:  
If little public fame attend thy toil,  
Thy flock, thy friends, thy heart, thy God will smile.  
Whence, hear thy station read with heart at ease,  
And go wherever Providence shall please!

*Conclusion.*

Another hint or two, and then I'll stretch  
My pencil to conclude this hasty sketch.  
Let every brother for his brother feel,  
Our cause is one, our scheme a common weal:  
"Paul or Apollos," Peter, James, or John,  
Each in "his order," still we are but one.  
One "band of brothers," in one work agreed;  
One living head we boast, one bible creed:  
As many drops, in one pure river blend,  
Flow in one stream and to one ocean tend,  
O may we still a sacred unit stand,  
And scatter blessings o'er a guilty land:  
United! lo! we bear the test of all  
Opposing foes! but if divided fall!



# AMERICAN METHODISM:

A PLEA FOR UNITY.





## AMERICAN METHODISM.

### I.

SONS of great WESLEY, in the blooming land  
O'ershadowed by the EAGLE'S spreading wings !  
Indulge the Minstrel, whose untutored hand  
Ventures, too boldly, o'er the trembling strings ;  
Your past renown, your present woes he sings ;  
Nor ever seeks your future weal the less,  
When truths unwelcome to your ear he brings,  
Than when invoking Heaven all good to bless,  
And crown, in holy war, your armies with success.

### II.

Why, oh ye valiant for the Lord of Hosts,  
Ye who have vanquished thousands in the fight—  
Why cast away your armor, quit your posts,  
And basely from exulting foes take flight ?  
A thousand times ye chased the sons of night—  
Their castles stormed, and raised your banner high  
Above their ramparts ; where its folds of light  
Sent streaming corruscations o'er the sky,  
That kindled hope on earth, and thrilled all heaven  
with joy.

## III.

A band of heroes, few but firm, ye rose,  
Braving the scorn of earth and ire of hell :  
For yours was strength immortal ; and your foes,  
Subdued, before your conquering progress fell ;  
Each captive won, your triumph served to swell ;  
Himself a victor, waved the joyful palm,  
Pleased with the easy yoke, charmed with the spell,  
That quick transformed the lion to the lamb,  
And for his fiendish strife bestowed a hallowed calm.

## IV.

Thus, marching in the greatness of your strength,  
Ye added to your gathering train, each year,  
Crowds of rejoicing captives : till at length,  
A million strong ye stood, and knew no fear ;  
Alas, that comrades, then, and brethren dear,  
Who in the common triumph bore their parts,  
Together toiled, and shed the soul-wrung tear,  
Should madly at their fellow soldier's hearts,  
Brandish their glittering swords, and hurl their fiery  
    darts !

## V.

Veterans and chiefs in arms ! have we not sinned ?—  
Shall old successes plead for peace in vain ?—  
Behold your ranks by annual thousands thinned,  
Yourselves divided, and your children slain :  
Indulgent Heaven efface the crimson stain !  
Contention's glowing Moloch fires remove :  
Our misdirected zeal, our wrath restrain :  
And o'er us hovering, let the holy Dove  
Bring back the olive branch, the type of peace and  
    love.

## VI.

A truce, ye armies of the living God !  
Hence with your mutual complaints and jealousy !  
Unmeet that brethren—one in flesh and blood,—  
Should strive together, foe like, by the way :  
Oh, rather strive the flames of strife to stay !  
With ancient friendship to your hearts restored,  
Kneel meekly at the throne of Heaven, and pray,  
Father, forgive each past ungentle word,  
And bind our hearts in one, with love's strong three-  
fold cord.

## VII.

Would it were now as in the olden date,  
When o'er the soul of Israel's primal king,  
An evil spirit of delirious hate,  
Sat brooding mischief with his raven wing ;  
Then would the harper, loved in Zion, sing ;  
Though at his youthful breast, the Prince his dart,  
With hell-engendered energy, would fling ;  
Until the soothing spell of tuneful art  
Stole, like the calm of heaven, upon the stormy heart.

## VIII.

Thou God of harmony and peace and love,  
Some other trembling shepherd boy endow  
With skill the evil spirit to remove,  
And chase the clouds of anger from the brow ;  
And if the softest whisper might avow  
Thy placid presence in the former day,  
Oh, let the still small voice of harp-strings now,  
Bespeak the footsteps of thy Majesty !  
While earthquake, fire and storm speed from thy path  
away.

## IX.

When at thy voice the lute of Wesley woke  
In sweetest notes of tenderness and grace—  
As once to Whitefield, long estranged, it spoke,  
And cheered him heavenward in the weary race ;  
How rose to vision in the magic lays  
The scenes which battle cloud had covered o'er !  
How danced glad hope in prospect of the days  
When Zion's chieftains on th' elysian shore  
Should meet, with triumph crowned, and separate no  
more !

## X.

There have they met, embraced, and found a seat,  
Beneath some lofty shadowing evergreen ;  
Life's crystal river flowing at their feet,  
While nigh the radiant mount of God is seen :  
And now, their holy hymns of praise between,  
Converse they of the darker days long spent,  
When struggling in polemic contest keen,  
Each on his brother's overthrow was bent,  
Deeming him foe to truth, by vile Abaddon sent.

## XI.

The veil through which they dimly saw below,  
And seeing dimly, oft mistook the road,  
Is gone : and in the clearer light they know  
That each the path of Providence pursued :  
*Their* separation, overruled for good,  
Has scattered far and wide the gospel seed—  
On soils distinct, diverse, profusely strewn :  
And party fields of various name and creed  
Have shared the shower of grace, as greatly they had  
need.

## XII.

The power of godliness—the vital power—  
 Was thine, oh, Methodism ! to propagate ;  
 To call from heaven the fertilizing shower,  
 The earth in holiness to new create ;  
 Thine was the calling, holy, high, and great,  
 To spread the quickening, sanctifying zeal,  
 Throughout the scattered church's wide estate ;  
 That like the leaven hidden in the meal,  
 It might through all the lump its working life reveal.

## XIII.

Where'er the form of godliness was known  
 (The form without the power is cold as death)  
 'Twas thine to animate the heart of stone,  
 And breathe into the clay the living breath :—  
 To teach the power of justifying faith :  
 Which works by love, and purifies the heart :  
 That this, and not the party shibboleth  
 Of orthodoxy, forms, or priestly art,  
 Salvation could secure and peace divine impart.

## XIV.

There, also, where the form itself was lost,  
 Nor served as fig-leaf covering for their sin :  
 Their naked shame their only joy and boast,  
 All vile without and viler still within :  
 Whose nights were spent in revelry and din,  
 Their days in wretched drudgery and gloom,  
 'Twas thine their murky caves to enter in ;  
 To meliorate their hopeless, hapless doom,  
 And cheer with heaven's own light their noisome living tomb.

## XV.

Wherever real, heartfelt piety  
Had never found a place, or disappeared :  
Wherever stately, stiff theology  
Sat, goddess like, on text book throne, revered  
As all in all ; as also where upreared  
A lax morality its shameless head,  
Or noxious theory, by time endeared,  
There was the fitting place for thee to spread  
The reign of vital truth, and bring to life the dead.

## XVI.

Full many worse than fruitless fields were found,  
Where sprung no vigorous shoots of righteousness ;  
But thorns and thistles covered all the ground,  
And useless weeds and noxious grew apace ;  
There stout-armed Methodism prepared the place,  
Uprooted weeds and thorns and thistles vile ;  
And planted deep the healthy germs of grace,  
Which rooted in a good and genial soil,  
Repaid in time with fruit the hardy tiller's toil.

## XVII.

How hath the spoiler entered and laid waste !  
As when a foe at midnight, malice-borne,  
Invades, with serpent stealth and guilty haste  
Where ripened crops the peaceful vale adorn,  
And plies his fagot to the standing corn ;  
Quick run the flames and spread with vengeful ire,  
Till, ere the flushes of returning morn,  
The waving fields glow like a sea of fire,  
And Heaven's rich harvest boons are sunk in ruin dire.



## XVIII.

Thus hath the old destroyer in his rage—  
Bloated with envy thus and filled with wrath—  
Entered our peaceful, hopeful heritage,  
And scattered coals of hell about his path ;  
The horrid fires of discord, tell it not in Gath,  
In God's own cherished husbandry are rife,  
And threaten all our joyous hopes with death :  
Up, brethren, up, and quench the brands of strife ;  
Work, struggle, pray for peace and concord as for  
life.

## XIX.

YOUR SHEPHERD KING your UNITY demands,  
Fraternal sympathy and bonds of love ;  
What though divided into separate bands,  
Like Jacob's flocks his watchful care ye prove ;  
Led by his rod of guidance ye may move,  
As heretofore, in pastures green and sweet,  
Beside the flowing rills : and in the grove,  
Sheltered at noontide from the summer heat,  
Together rest in peace, around your Shepherd's feet.

## XX.

What wild infatuation in your breast  
Thus prompts you, oh ye flocks of Israel,  
To rush together fiercely, crest to crest,  
And madly strive each other's ranks to fell ?  
Why thus incensed against each other swell,  
As if by fury moved and jealousy ?  
Why break upon each other's folds pell-mell,  
And rashly trample down and rend and slay ?  
Alas, that sheep should seem so much like beasts of  
prey.

## XXI.

Now hearken to your gentle shepherd's call,  
Inviting you to pastures green and broad ;  
He comes to feed, to lead and cherish all,  
And kindly chides you with his pastoral rod ;  
“ Why, oh my sheep, the purchase of my blood,  
Whom, lost, I sought and found with great delight,  
And made myself a sacrifice to God,  
In one your scattered wanderers to unite,  
Why, oh my ransomed flocks, why thus unseemly  
fight.”

## XXII.

Abate your strife, your angry passions check,  
And let him into flowery meadows guide ;  
Come, learn to follow at your Leader's beck,  
And feed in peace and safety side by side ;  
By His unerring judgment still abide :  
Tis His to censure, punish and to slay ;  
Yours in his wisdom meekly to confide ;  
His to command, your portion to obey ;  
Thus shall you find him still your guardian night and  
day.

## XXIII.

And thus shall ye again with joy appear,  
A fruitful, prosperous and increasing fold ;  
And multiply your strength from year to year,  
As Jacob's flocks were multiplied of old ;  
Nor summer's scorching heat, nor winter's cold,  
Shall e'er his sleepless vigilance impair ;  
Proof of his depth of yearning love untold,  
Which taught him neither toil nor life to spare,  
For you his darling flock, his treasure and his care.

## XIV.

Thou GLORIOUS SHEPHERD of the sheep bestow  
The graces which thy people so much need !  
That we by works of charity may show,  
To all the world, that we are thine indeed :  
But if by one another's hands we bleed—  
If brother in his brother cannot trust,  
How can the holy enterprise succeed ?  
The house against itself divided must  
Fall crashing to the earth, and crumble into dust.

## XXV.

Saviour of Sinners ! when the storm clouds lower,  
To Thee, our Strength, our Counsellor, we go !  
To Thee, united by thy Spirit's power,  
Cling all thy various membership below :  
Instruct us, our immortal Head to know,  
That all the life and grace that each receives  
From Thee, the great eternal Life-spring flow ;  
Thy Spirit in the Church, thy body, lives,  
And unity of heart—of aim and action gives.

## XXVI.

The membership are many—yet are one :  
One body, governed by one living soul :  
To every fibre doth the life stream run,  
Stirs every part and actuates the whole :  
What member owns no more its sweet control,  
Is dead—insensible to joy or smart ;  
Nor feels the permeating current roll,  
Which gave it union with the head and heart,  
Nor can in life's great task perform its fitting part.

## XXVII.

Union with THEE our Head is chief and prime :  
And union with each other next succeeds ;  
To separate from Thee is damning crime :  
To this our severance from each other leads ;  
The body cut and mangled, writhes and bleeds ;  
And thou art torn with many a horrid gash,  
And scandalized by our schismatic deeds :—  
Our words and tempers, piercing, sharp and rash,  
Rend like the iron nails thy keenly sentient flesh.

## XXVIII.

Thy Church thy body is—thy flesh and bones—  
(The Head, the Spirit thou—the life of love,)  
Pierced by the sword of angry strife it groans ;  
The pang thrills through the soul, and head above ;  
What agonies thy suffering members prove  
Are all thine own ; for thou art one with them ;  
One impulse doth the Head and members move :  
To shame the members is the Head to shame :  
To injure them, and Thee to injure, is the same.

## XXIX.

What dread remorse the wretched soul must know,  
Who fastened to the wood thy quivering flesh ;  
But heavier still must be the culprit's wo,  
Who doth with scorpion-whip of satire lash,  
And crucify the Son of God afresh ;  
With pointed pen of steel and adder tongue,  
Inflicting on thy bosom gash on gash ;  
Better a millstone round his neck were hung,  
And he, from towering cliff, were into ocean flung.

## XXX.

Wo, to the guilty of the sin of schism !  
Even for thy seamless coat they cast the lot ;  
The Church's outward dress—its organism—  
May not be parted for a thing of naught ;  
Ne'er should the vesture, suiting, finely wrought,  
Obey the fashion's changeful whims and pride ;  
Such wilful changes are with danger fraught ;  
But waxing old, and tending to divide,  
It may be then re-formed, or haply laid aside.

## XXXI.

When, by its wide extension and increase,  
The Church outgrows its old modality—  
When, for the sake and maintainance of peace,  
One to another part doth kindly say,  
“ Let each in love pursue a separate way,”  
As to his friend the faithful Abraham said :—  
This is not schism, but its meet remedy ;  
A separation for the Gospel's spread,  
For future higher weal, and for convenience made.

## XXXII.

If, in a mutually accorded mode,  
Two portions thus consent in peace to part,  
With honest purpose, and for greater good,  
Eschewing words and tempers rash and tart :—  
Although with travailing agonies and smart,  
The Church maternal sends her offspring forth,  
Such separation, being not of heart,  
Is, providentially, a church's birth,  
And adds a daughter fair to God's own house on  
earth.

## XXXIII.

That is not schism where hearts unrent remain,  
And christian confidence, and mutual love ;  
Externally they may appear as twain,  
But inwardly the common life they prove ;  
United to the living Head above,  
And to each other, by their part in Him,  
They in their several spheres conjointly move,  
Partaking from the heart the common stream,  
And those great offices perform, that each beseem.

## XXXIV.

Who are schismatics, therefore ? Those are they,  
Who from the love of brethren separate ;  
From peace and christian kindness go astray,  
And angry, sinful strife perpetuate ;  
Such angry contests end too oft in hate ;  
And they who hate their brethren hate their God :  
How much soever they may vainly prate  
Of gifts and comforts by his grace bestowed,  
The curse is on their souls, and they must bear the  
load.

## XXXV.

'Tis anger, strife and malice we should dread ;  
These are the enemies we should oppose :  
Bruise the seductive serpent envy's head,  
And crush all wrathful feelings as our foes ;  
Our passions are the parents of our woes ;  
They blind the judgment and the will pervert ;  
By passion's torch, the fruit forbidden, shows,  
As luscious food of most benignant sort,  
Which, God's own threat despite, can surely never  
hurt.



## XXXVI.

Hence, hence with passion, then ; let reason rule ;  
 Only the law of kindness doth she speak :  
 He who obeys her voice may be a fool  
 In this rash world's account ;—denounced as weak  
 And cowardly, for daring to be meek :  
 But angels, who in brighter circles move,  
 'Mid whom he doth his crown of glory seek,  
 Look down with radiant eyes of joy and love,  
 And speak of him as meet to walk the realms above.

## XXXVII.

Peace, peace, ye warring Sons of Methodism !  
 End now and evermore this family jar :  
 In your great body let there be no schism :  
 Seek, eastern Sages, as of old, the star  
 Of peace ; ye western Chiefs the scimitar  
 Of conflict sheath, and give the battle o'er :  
 No longer, North and South, hurl from afar  
 Your javelins of strife ; forget, deplore  
 Your former feuds, and meet in kind embrace once  
 more.

## XXXVIII.

The honor of your COMMON NAME demands  
 That ye should settle terms of amity :  
 What ! can the sons of Wesley not shake hands  
 Because they cannot to the jot agree ?  
 How can ye then his children claim to be,  
 Who gave the hand of fellowship with speed,  
 And heart of christian love, so full and free,  
 To all, whate'er their party name or creed,  
 Who sought with honest heart to serve the Lord in-  
 deed.

## XXXIX.

Cannot agree ! nor friendly bonds resume !  
Must still for party victory contend !  
Cannot agree ! Oh tell it not in ROME !  
Proclaim it not to those who Romeward wend !  
No whisper to the unbelieving send,  
Of this uncured schismatic rent and feud ;  
Lest we should hear their sneering voices blend  
In taunts and gibes, and laughter loud and rude,  
At follies so grotesque, long-lived, and oft renewed.

## XL.

Ah ! they *have* heard it—swift from man to man,  
From group to group, their buzzing ranks along,  
The scoff-exciting welcome story ran,  
Cheered every heart, and tripped from every tongue ;  
We are become the drunken harlot's song,  
Who on the monstrous beast in scarlet clad,  
Sits, worshipped by a kneeling, gaping throng ;  
Triumph (she cries,) my votaries, and be glad ;  
God would destroy my foes, and hence he makes them  
mad.

## XLI.

Loud sound the revels of that vassal host,  
Which borne upon the ether far and near,  
Reach, with their echoes, every priest-rid coast,  
And fill her drudging legions with good cheer ;  
Nor these alone the news with triumph hear ;  
But church adorers, worshippers of means,  
Of every shade and caste, enjoy the jeer ;  
And infidelity her clans convenes,  
And from our crop of woes, her sheaf of comfort gleans.

## XLII.

Oh, must we be the byword, scoff, and hiss,  
Of anti-christian, unbelieving men ?  
Our quarrels filling fiends in hell with bliss,  
And friendly angel hearts in heaven with pain !  
Once could we beard the lion in his den ;—  
Meet protean anti-christ in every form,  
Assured that every conflict would be gain ;  
Our UNITY was strength, a heavenly charm,  
That terrified our foes, and warded us from harm.

## XLIII.

And is it gone ? that heaven-descended shield ?  
Forever gone, that armor strong and bright ?  
And must we ever to our foemen yield,  
And from pursuing enemies take flight ?  
From whence this deadly pestilential blight,  
That decimates our once triumphant bands ;  
Staggers their courage, enervates in fight,  
Those heretofore resistless, restless hands,  
That carried victory through all invaded lands ?

## XLIV.

Heaven be propitious ! give us inward peace,  
And unity of spirit quickly send ;  
Then shall our sorrowful reverses cease ;  
Success, again our armies shall attend ;  
The flag of UNION, shall our faith defend ;  
Its " stars and stripes " our fainting souls shall cheer ;  
Its floating folds our fortunes shall amend,  
As reads each eye the old inscription dear,  
"*E pluribus unum*," the antidote to fear.

## XLV.

There is a battle pending : lo, from far  
Are seen the gathering, thronging, moving hosts !  
The earth is trembling with the signs of war ;  
From Asia, Africa, and Europe's coasts ;  
From tropic climates and the realms of frosts ;  
From occident and orient away,  
The instrumental hordes haste to their posts,  
The master spirits of the age t' obey  
In the grand system-strife of the impending day.

## XLVI.

America ! thy ample shores shall see  
The hottest of the conflicts that portend ;  
Here shall the valley of decision be,  
And here the mighty sacrifice shall end.  
See Rome, her vassals by the legion send  
To take possession of thy valleys wide ;  
To every nook their trooping myriads wend,  
Throng every ocean, lake, and river side,  
Or, steam-borne, strong in hope, swift o'er the billows  
glide.

## XLVII.

The powers of darkness, and the powers of light,  
Are mustering now their forces for that hour ;  
Approaches near the last great dreadful fight,  
The storm-clouds of the final battle lower ;  
UNION alone can wield sufficient power  
To stand the shock, when earth and hell assail,  
With such fierce zeal, that lion hearts may cower,  
And heroes, clad in adamant mail,  
Before the yelling hordes of ravening demons quail.

## XLVIII..

High valor is demanded for that day ;  
 Great firmness in the armies of the Lord ;  
 Compactly must they stand in bright array—  
 Each soldier with his shield and two-edged sword ;  
 Stand, move, advance, engage, with strict accord,  
 As if one heart in every bosom beat ;  
 As if they heard their great Commander's word,  
 In solemn accents in their ears repeat,  
 " Union is victory—division is defeat."

## XLIX.

Canst thou, oh Methodism, perform thy part  
 In this great struggle which must soon ensue ?  
 Canst thou, with torn, divided, bleeding heart,  
 To God and to mankind thy duty do ?  
 Thy mission great, thy destined work review  
 And learn what thy position high demands ;—  
 Union of soul and heart affection true ;  
 That these, in battle fierce, may nerve thy hands,  
 And make invincible, thy leagued and love-mailed  
     bands.

## L.

What ! when the foe's advancing banners wave !  
 When gleams his furbished armor in our eyes !  
 Then of our petty, party feuds to rave,  
 And 'gainst each other in our haste to rise !  
 What could be more destructive or unwise !  
 'Tis our defeat, 'tis triumph to our foes !  
 Were satan's self a project to devise  
 To ruin us, and Christ's good cause t' oppose,  
 He could not forge a plot of more malignant woes.

## LI.

Fathers and brethren, well-esteemed and great,  
Think of the debt ye to your COUNTRY owe ;  
Oh think what evils to our glorious state,  
From our protracted controversies flow!  
How from these small beginnings there may grow  
A sectional and rancorous civil feud,  
Which Freedom's cherished hopes may overthrow :  
And war's red hand, with our best blood bedewed,  
Strike from our nation's name, all that is grand and  
good.

## LII.

How blessed is the land o'er which we roam !  
The sun beholds no other land so fair ;  
Here Providence allots our peaceful home,  
Amid ten thousand gifts and blessings rare.  
For our great country's welfare let our prayer,  
From honest, faithful, fervent hearts ascend,  
That God may make our Government his care ;  
From foes without, and foes within defend,  
And be Himself, our Guide, our Governor and Friend.

## LIII.

Aloft, thou EAGLE, with the piercing eye ;  
Wide spread thy golden wings upon the gale :  
Up, mounting proudly to the glorious sky,  
Oh never let thy sight or pinion fail ;  
Up, up, brave eagle ; boldly heavenward sail,  
And cast thy telescopic eye abroad  
O'er mountain, prairie, river, lake, and vale,  
And sketch the wide inheritance bestowed,  
Fresh in its beauty's bloom, as Eden newly trod.



## LIV.

The morn's ascending glory softly breaks  
Over ten thousand stately mountain heads ;  
Dances upon a thousand glassy lakes,  
And o'er ten thousand verdant valleys spreads :  
Ten thousand rivers offer from their beds  
Their misty incense to the god of day :  
Unnumbered forests, millenarian shades,  
Relax their frigid horrors in his ray,  
And myriad prairie plains their floral gems display.

## LV.

Lo, here the Iris-crowned Nigara ! He,  
With more than Sapphic leap, and passion fonder,  
Seeking the bosom of his spouse, the sea,  
Wrenches his adamantine bonds asunder ;  
And plunging headlong down, a world-wide wonder,  
Into the dread cavernous fissure hurls :  
There, with tremendous roar of deep toned thunder,  
In many a mazy dance of eddying twirls,  
His milk-white sea of foam, with fury onward whirls.

## LVI.

And yonder trace the rolling Sire of Waters,  
A line of beauty glittering in the sun ;  
Fed by a thousand tributary daughters,  
Who, dancing, to his breast paternal run ;  
From *many* flows, at length a matchless ONE,  
The prince of rivers, and our country's boast ;  
Shaming old Nile and wide-mouthed Amazon ;—  
He springs from far off hoary realms of frost,  
Over a continent, to bathe its sunburnt coast.

## LVII.

Along the lofty Apalachian ridge  
Now cast thy veering vision bird divine ;  
Spanning the country like a rock-built-bridge,  
Far north begins the convoluted line ;  
Far south the mountain foldings intertwine ;  
A beautiful and glorious range of hills,  
The lurking place of many a precious mine,  
The nursery of myriad sparkling rills :  
To those blue brows my heart owes many joyous  
thrills !

## LVIII.

Now sunward Soarer, thy position change,  
And turn thee toward the occidental shore ;  
See there another loftier, lengthier range  
Of Alpine peaks than held thy view before ;  
Gaze, 'raptured, on those ancient temples hoar,  
Reflecting back the radiance of the morn !  
Adown those slopes what rushing torrents roar !  
The teeming rivers, which the vales adorn,  
From the eternal snows that crown those heights are  
born.

## LIX.

From north to south, two mingling seas extend ;  
Two mountain cables stretch themselves between,  
The vast extremes in ONE to comprehend ;  
While, midway, looking north and south, is seen  
A fertile valley clothed in living green,  
Through which the king of waters rolls his tide,  
As proud of his magnificent demesne ;  
He throws his myriad arms on every side,  
A realm of boundless wealth maintaining well his  
pride.

## LX.

Hail home of beauty, and of amplitude ?  
Region of vastness and of grandeur, hail !  
Here Nature's highest boons are richest strewed ;  
And here her works are on the loftiest scale ;  
O'er flood and land doth amplitude prevail ;  
Great are the oceans and the rivers, great  
The lakes, the bays, the prairie, plain, and vale ;  
Mountains and forests share the grand estate,  
As shadowing forth in types our country's glorious  
fate.

## LXI.

Yet higher rise, my Eagle, higher rise,  
And from thy central, all-observing sphere,  
Revert thy vision down the eastern skies,  
And mark that vessel toward the haven near ;  
Others, at shortening intervals appear,  
Bearing for ports along the indented strands ;—  
Freighted with voyagers to Heaven dear,  
With tyrant-hating, hardy, storm-nursed bands,  
Who seek their God and homes, in these thick-wooded  
lands.

## LXII.

Scarce are the perils of their voyage o'er ;  
Scarce with the voice of gratitude and prayer,  
Have the bold pilgrims touched the new-found shore,  
Till thundering tree-falls echo through the air :  
The ancient woods, of savage beasts the lair,  
And savage men, before th' adventurers bow ;  
As if by magic is the soil laid bare ;  
And fields of waving grain and verdure, now,  
Crown with abundant crops the labor of the plough.

## LXIII.

Along those coasts, both far and near, behold  
The sturdy woodman's weapon, stroke on stroke,  
Humbling the giants of the forest old,  
The lofty, resinous fir, and sacred oak ;  
The earth, divested of her woody cloak,  
Throws wide her virgin bosom to the skies ;  
While countless curls of life-betokening smoke,  
Up from the recent forest openings rise,  
And myriad rural homes and hamlets greet our eyes.

## LXIV.

The hamlet rude, a village quick becomes ;  
The village soon into a city swells,  
And multiplies its spacious, glittering domes,  
Its mansions proud, its warlike citadels,  
And heavenward spires, with Sabbath-sounding bells.  
Its lengthened streets with noisy throngs are filled,  
Whose hurried step of bustling business tells,  
And thirst for pleasure, fame and gold, revealed  
In that pervading din, by day and night instilled.

## LXV.

Nor one such wonder only greets our eyes ;  
But all along th' extended ocean shore,  
Unnumbered goodly towns and cities rise,  
Where waved of late the elm and sycamore,  
And marshes, fens and forests stood before.  
Meanwhile the restless pioneering bands,  
Deeper and wider still the wilds explore ;  
And with an energy that naught withstands,  
Transform the wilderness to cultivated lands.

## LXVI.

In vain the wolf, the panther and the bear  
Ferociously defend their old domain;  
In vain the red men in their wrath prepare  
Those ardent, bold intruders to restrain:  
As soon the lion from his prey abstain,  
As they their new discovered prize to quit:  
All hindrances, all perils with disdain  
They quick surmount, and tread beneath their feet;  
No slackened progress theirs, no halting, no retreat.

## LXVII.

For them the pathless wilderness rejoices;  
The forests own their magisterial sway;  
The distant mountains call them with their voices;  
The sun declining westward points the way;  
Westward, still westward do the rovers stray;  
O'er valleys, hills and rivers fleetly bound;  
Nor on the heights of Alleghania stay,  
But gazing, ravished, on the prospect round,  
Dare with exulting shouts the ultra wilds profound.

## LXVIII.

With trembling awe the dark trans-montane woods  
Bend to the earth their leafy summits tall;  
And giants of the ancient solitudes,  
Before the omnipresent conquerors fall.  
New miracles, shall we these doings call?  
In every valley, upland, dell, and plain,  
Waxes the city vast, or village small;  
And cottages, like flowers, spring up amain,  
'Mid velvet lawns of grass, and fields of golden grain.

## LXIX.

Cot after cot and village after village,  
And settlement to settlement succeeds ;  
Wild after wild resigns its soil to tillage ;  
The ploughshare through its swarthy bosom speeds,  
And turns the wilderness to blooming meads ;  
Where yesterday the elk and bison ranged,  
Now the ox pastures and the courser feeds :  
How swiftly, wondrously, are all things changed ;  
The white man denizen'd—the red displaced, es-  
tranged.

## LXX.

From Erie's billow to remotest south ;  
From sands Atlantic to the Rocky Height,  
And o'er its turrets to Columbia's mouth,  
All yield to their indomitable might :  
Their sateless, territorial appetite  
Nor brooks restraint, nor honors mete or bound :  
Where blooming vales, where fertile soils invite,  
The new born race American is found,  
Proving by potent deeds their title to the ground.

## LXXI.

Illustrious race ! for man and glory born !  
Children of progress and of Providence !  
To you the hopeful eyes of nations turn,  
And Freedom owns you for her last defence ;  
With liberal, lofty-souled munificence,  
Ye charter to the sons of every land,  
A portion of your rich domain immense ;  
And generously, to all who touch your strand,  
Give refuge from the storm, and warmly welcome  
hand.



## LXXII.

The fame of your great realm without a king,  
Reaches to every haunt of suffering man;  
And hurrying thither on the tempest's wing,  
They flock from every kingdom, clime and clan;  
The tiller of the soil, the artizan,  
The man of letters and the man of trade,  
Speed to the country where the toiling can  
By head, or hand, or tongue, or pen, or spade,  
Find for themselves and heirs a peaceful home and  
bread.

## LXXIII.

Old mother Albion bestows with grace  
Her ruddiest sons from her maternal breast,  
To constitute the stamen of the race,  
She calls, well-pleased, her offspring—and her best;  
And Erin, green, belovéd, and oppressed,  
Transmits her quota from her sacred sod,  
To form the compound lineage of the West—  
A quota of her warmest, noblest blood,  
Struck from her wo-worn heart, by the afflicting rod.

## LXXIV.

Here, also, in the aggregation blends  
Germania, patient, plodding, sedulous;  
Her thrifty offspring by the crowds she sends, [Russ,  
With Scot, and Frank, and Dane, and Swede, and  
Who shun their native coasts and hie to us :  
From European thrones and faults disjointed,  
They mingle in one race magnanimous;  
A race eclectic, out of all combined,  
Their better traits improved, their evil left behind.

## LXXV.

Hail ! favored realm, by Providence ordained,  
In arms, in arts, in all things to excel ;  
To thee, thy stature scarcely half attained,  
The blushing world affords no parallel ;  
On every sea thy sails of commerce swell ;  
Thy wares and fame abound in all the earth :  
If in thy childhood's morn thou doest well,  
Like Hercules, heroic from thy birth,  
Who, in thy manhood's age, shall celebrate thy worth ?

## LXXVI.

Once more, thou Soarer, turn thy searching glance  
Along those lakes, those rivers, gulfs and bays ;  
What vessel seest thou o'er the billows dance,  
Which neither mast nor swelling sail displays ;  
But shafts cylindrical their summits raise, [stream,  
From whose black nostrils murky smoke clouds  
While furnaces beneath like Vulcan's blaze ;  
And ever and anon, a direful scream,  
Speaks the impatience dread of panting, prisoned  
steam.

## LXXVII.

This is *thy* Ship, my Eagle ; all thine own ;  
Which no propelling wind nor current needs ;  
But by her in-made, self-borne power alone,  
Against both driving wind and current speeds,  
Nor swollen rivers' deluge rush impedes ;  
Now walks she on the deep a life-like thing,  
And now with curvilinear sweep proceeds,  
Round jagged river points, with agile swing,  
That rivals in its grace thine own fleet golden wing !

## LXXVIII.

Behold them swan-like gliding o'er the lakes ;  
Over the rivers, bays and seas diffuse ;  
Their number like the winter's snowy flakes,  
Or like the summer's bright uncounted dew ;  
One class the river's winding path pursues ;  
Another o'er the laky basin swims ;  
This doth the ocean's deeper billow choose,  
And this upon the shallow inland streams,  
'Mid snags and shelving rocks, o'er bars and rapids  
    skims.

## LXXIX.

Yet, mark that foaming iron courser, leading  
A score of landships in adhering trail ;  
The swiftest chariots of the wind outspeeding,  
As shooting onward on his smooth laid rail,  
He dashes over upland, over vale ;  
Now over hills, or round, or thro' them sweeping,  
Like Phœbus coursing with the solar mail ;  
The sinuous pathway of the stream now keeping,  
And now o'er rivers, chasms and marshes rattling,  
    leaping.

## LXXX.

See, running, ramified, in all directions,  
The road, the railway, river and canal,  
With countless junctions, tappings, intersections,  
Through the vast system geographical ;  
They yield the body's life and strength withal,  
Like bones and sinews, arteries and veins,  
While with the far extremes the Capital,  
By network lines of telegraphic chains,  
As with the nerves of sense, close intercourse main-  
    tains.

## LXXXI.

America! though thou thy fame art brightening,  
By deeds heroic, marvels of the age,  
Thy brightest chaplet is the conquered lightning,  
A halo round thy name on glory's page :  
Honors immortal to thy son, the Sage,  
Who seized with giant hand the thunder-horse,  
And pent him like a lion in a cage :  
But thine the feat, great lightning-tamer, Morse,  
To rule the steed of fire as with thy finger's force !

## LXXXII.

Others the monarchs of the forest train  
(Who but Americans should dare the deed ?)  
To wear the harness and obey the rein ;  
To Morse belongs a more illustrious meed,  
Who makes the living thunderbolt his steed,  
And guides him as a meek and docile thing :  
Which, distancing old Time himself in speed,  
Carries the news on hyppogriffic wing,  
Clearing a thousand miles at one tremendous spring.

## LXXXIII.

What if the mighty empire still extend  
Farther and farther from the civil head ;  
The sons of Liberty still farther wend,  
The enterprizing rovers wider spread ;  
The railway line and telegraphic thread,  
At once annihilating time and space,  
Will follow them to every wild they tread ;  
And every distant portion of the race  
Bind in one glorious realm—one nation's fond embrace.

## LXXXIV.

Then multiply by millions—multiply—  
God speaks the Eden blessing here anew;  
The whole New World's vast surface occupy,  
Appropriate, replenish, and subdue:  
Quick fill its valleys green and mountains blue,  
With swarms of men, and flocks, and herds, and corn;  
And prove the old inspired prediction true,  
As templed towns each vale and height adorn,  
A nation, great and good, shall in a day be born.

## LXXXV.

There is a schoolboy in this land prolific,  
With open atlas to his comrades telling,  
Where flow the Lakes, th' Atlantic and Pacific,  
And where our arms the Mexicans are felling—  
That boy shall see a hundred millions dwelling,  
Beneath the shadow of my EAGLE's wings:  
And yet the sum by God's first blessing swelling,  
And by the hordes which emigration brings,  
From far off realms made poor by grasping priests  
and kings.

## LXXXVI.

My glorious country! 'tis a pleasing duty,  
Which my too bold, untutored pen essays,  
To shadow forth the outlines of thy beauty,  
In these unpolished, hasty, rustic lays:  
Let others love on Alpine peaks to gaze;  
And Italy's bright lakes and atmosphere,  
The hills of France, the lawns of England praise,  
I cling devoted to my country dear,  
Fairest of every clime, for man is happiest here.

## LXXXVII.

Here, from the fertile soil with ease he draws,  
The robes that deck him and the fruits that feast ;  
While o'er him is the shield of equal laws,  
A government beyond compare the best ;  
Beneath our vine and fig tree here we rest,  
None daring to disturb or make afraid ;  
With education, arts and science blest,  
With agriculture, manufactures, trade ;  
And with Religion pure, and all her balmy aid.

## LXXXVIII.

True, thou hast blots, my country, thou hast blots,  
Which all thy dazzling charms can ne'er conceal :  
I speak not now of these ; the sun has spots,  
Yet all below his genial blessings feel ;  
America ! the best, the brightest still !  
And when thy starry banners are unfurled,  
The hearts of tyrants on their thrones congeal, [ed ;  
Lest from their heads their tottering crowns be hurl-  
Forever float that flag, the glory of the world !

## LXXXIX.

Yet are there graceless wretches who defame  
Thy sacred reputation to thy face ;—  
Cast contumely on thy brilliant name,  
And seek thy lofty honors to abase :  
Dwelt they in such malignant realm or place,  
As they depict thee with their treasonous tongue,  
Scarce on soft couches would they end their race ;  
On gibbets haply would their heads be hung,  
Their headless trunks to dogs and hungry vultures  
flung.



## XC.

Thy clemency thy fame and arms exceeds ;  
Scorn is thy punishment for such as they :  
My Eagle never on the carrion feeds,  
Nor condescends to ignominious prey :  
The blessed sun pursues his constant way,  
Nor heeds the clouds that rise to hide his light ;  
The clouds are gone, yet shines the king of day,  
The brighter for the temporary night ;  
Thus shines my country still more beautiful and bright.

## XCI.

What pity if a lovely land like this  
Should be by angry faction rent in twain ?  
What pity if the home of earthly bliss  
Become the scene of hell-engendered pain ?  
God grant that civil war's ferocious reign,  
May ne'er obtrude within these Eden-bowers :—  
That brother shedding brother's blood, like Cain,  
May ne'er contaminate this soil of ours :  
Great Heaven avert the cloud that o'er us, blackening,  
lowers.

## XCII.

The mighty bands that bind in one the state,  
Though strong as brass, may yet be worn and fretted  
By clashing interests, and by fierce debate :  
And fiery spirits, by ambition whetted,  
By sycophantic party praised and petted,  
Neglect the common glory for their own ;  
Unmindful how insolvently indebted  
They to their country are ; by which alone  
Their names and merits rare (!) to the wide world are  
known.

## XCIII.

'Tis yours, ye Christians, to this freedom-realm,  
Peace, unity, stability to give ;  
To hold the hands that hold the nation's helm ;  
To stretch your mighty arms conservative,  
And prop the edifice in which you live :  
By prudent conduct, counsels, votes and prayers,  
This blessed country's safety to achieve :  
And, in despite of foes and deep laid snares,  
Transmit the heritage uninjured to your heirs.

## XCIV.

And ye, my brethren nearest to my heart,  
Great, earnest, numerous sons of Methodism !  
In this meet work have you a weighty part,  
The part of duty and of patriotism ;  
Maintain no more the attitude of schism ;  
Thus sanctifying by your deed and word,  
That sectional and fierce antagonism,  
By petty interests and ambition stirred,  
Which frets away and rends our Union's slackening  
cord.

## XCV.

'Twere worthy children of the God of love,  
To sooth, admonish and expostulate ;  
Pacific counsels by your smiles t' approve,  
The violent by frowns t' intimidate ;  
To act conservatively in the state,  
Like seasoning salt, whose salutary essence  
Doth intermix with all, and penetrate  
To every portion with its healthful presence,  
Preventing in the mass, dissolving and putrescence.

## XCVI.

God has a task, my brethren, in this nation,  
A glorious, honorable task for you ;  
To share in its political salvation ;  
With love reciprocal its parts t' imbue ;  
Keep this great providential aim in view,  
And ye shall blossom still like Aaron's rod ;  
But to your high vocation prove untrue,  
And on your temples by the hand of God,  
Shall soon the terror doom be written, "Ichabod."

## XCVII.

Oh Thou, the Author and the Prince of peace,  
Head of the church and ruler of the nations !  
Both church and state abundantly increase ;  
And their chief governmental convocations  
Replenish with great wisdom and great patience :  
SUPREME ! within their halls thyself preside,  
And 'mid the storm of passions and temptations,  
The vessels safely o'er the billows guide,  
In fellowship, distinct, defying wind and tide.

## XCVIII.

Now rest thee, Eagle, from thy fancy flight,  
And hovering o'er the capitolian dome,  
Outspread thy brooding pinions with delight,  
For ages long and brilliant yet to come :  
While ending thus my unpretending tome,  
One wish, one fervent prayer to Heaven aspires ;  
Forever spread thy wings o'er Freedom's home ;  
Forever, while a gazing world admires,  
Shout o'er thy country's weal, amid thy starry fires.

## XCIX.

Not one from that bright constellation fall !  
But still another, and another yet,  
Like burning lamps in heaven's high vaulted hall,  
Like astral gems in night's dark coronet,  
Rise to their waving blue no more to set ;  
Brighter and brighter let their lustre glow,  
Till, in one flood of living radiance met,  
The freedom current o'er the world shall flow,  
Great boon of Heaven above to toiling man below.

## C.

Church of my heart ! let thy undying flame,  
Kindled at God's own altar fires on high,  
Commingle with thy country's glory stream,  
Kindred in source, and natural ally ;  
Its fiercer brilliance soften, sanctify ;  
Nor e'er amid thy sister stars decline ;  
But in the concave of the moral sky,  
And firmly held within the hand divine,  
The first in magnitude, the first in glory shine.

## NOTES TO SKETCHES.





## NOTES.

August arrives, and many a note is sent  
For preachers gifted, wise, and eloquent

Page 8.

THE subject of petitioning for certain Preachers will in the end work its own cure ; it is in its nature extremely unfair. Why should the Conference send a man to this or that Circuit merely because he is asked ? Is the farce of petitioning (and a great deal of it is all farce) to set aside adaptation ; or the claims of a senior brother ; or the judgment of Conference ? What do many Circuits know respecting the preachers they ask for ? Why just this much ; the last year he was in such or such a Circuit ; perhaps Manchester, Leeds, London, or Bristol ; does not an appointment to any of the above places constitute his patent, or rather passport to every other ? Is it not taken for granted, that a man so stationed, must have both abilities and claims, superior to his brethren. Meanwhile, where is justice ? Where is equity ? Must he who has the best Circuit this year, for that only reason, have the best next : or is justice to take place in an impartial equalization of both the privations and privileges of the connection. The author is very far from undervaluing the claims of his wise, eloquent, gifted, or senior brethren : let those who are so distinguished have the pre-eminence as far as reason, and the necessities of the connection require. But mere petitions, emanating, not unfrequently, from the unripe judgment of one solitary individual, are deserving of little notice. But is there no danger to Methodism from the above preference being given ? Such petitions must greatly embarrass the Conference, and if four circuits petition for the same Preacher, will not three of them feel aggrieved by a denial ? Moreover, do not such petitions stand in the way of some brother, who has both just reasons and strong

claims, to solicit an appointment to such and such a Circuit? It is a foolish assumption of superior discernment, for a dozen men at a quarterly meeting, to think they know better than the Conference. And it is an equally false one to suppose that they have a greater love for, or interest in the cause than the whole body of preachers. Circuits have only a partial interest, and often act only from partial views: the Conference takes a wider range, and embraces the whole economy in all its bearings and interests. Were they to act otherwise, they must consult the benefit of a part, to the prejudice of the whole; a position not to be admitted, even upon the supposition of their acting from mere self-interest alone. For the interest of the whole body must ever be the interest of Conference. That some Circuits, as well as some Preachers, have greater claims than others, I will not deny; but those claims should always be adjusted with an eye to strict justice and impartiality. The mere accidental preference of Circuits should never form the only reason for any man's appointment: respect should be paid to important stations as well as to peculiar men; but after all, the judgment of Conference is the only safe umpire in such matters: and to that judgment, and not to fanciful petitions, are we to look for a steady and undeviating regard to the best interest of the whole connection.

[The editor cannot fully accord with the sentiments and spirit of the above note. The laity in Methodist Churches should never be denied the *right* of petition; nor should the practice of petitioning be denounced as improper. It is not improper in itself. It sometimes assumes an improper form. When this is the case, the form should be modified, but the thing itself, when done properly, if not encouraged, should at least be admitted as lawful and becoming. For a Charge to make a representation of its condition and peculiar wants to the Conference, as in England, or to the Bishops and Presiding Elders, as in this country; and to ask for a preacher whom they deem peculiarly qualified to serve the interests of the church among them, can, certainly, never be objectionable; provided, they do not demand any particular man, and no other. It

is an evidence of the interest they feel in the welfare of the Church, and is rather commendable than censurable. It is very true that, when a Charge demands this or that man, and assumes, if not in words, by their tone and spirit, to dictate to the appointing power concerning the appointment, they are trespassing the laws and spirit of the itinerancy, and are acting in an unmethodistic manner. But when their petitions only contain a representation of their case, together with an expression of opinion as to the man or men who will suit them, and a request for his or their appointment, if it may be done consistently with the general interests of the Church, or without denying the just claims of others, such a petition is both lawful and right; and, we may add, will be respected.—*Editor.*]

Address him with a sour or surly tone,  
And pick his conduct, as they pick a bone.

Page 10.

Meanwhile, where is justice, mercy and love of God? Common sense should prevent any body of christians from undervaluing their Ministers. A respect for themselves would suggest a different conduct; and a reverence for the authority of scripture, would set the matter at rest in a moment. But seriously; do we love the cause of *Christ*? then, truly, we should not "~~make~~ right" of those whose rise or fall involves to a certain extent that section of the "Lord's vineyard" in which they are called to labor. Perhaps it is one of the least pleasant fruits of the Itinerant system, that with the constant removals it superinduces a love of change. The prospect of which may often tend to weaken the motives for cultivating pastoral affection. A stated Ministry is not liable to this objection; although it labors under *many of a more serious cast*. The solace of an affectionate congregation and people is not without its snares; nor is the occasional neglect and coldness complained of in Itinerancy without its advantages: we all remember the fable of the sun and the wind. Perhaps it is owing to the levelling spirit of the times, that where this prevails less respect is paid to those who seem to have a shadow of authority than would

otherwise be the case. Office alone is with many deluded people the butt of ill nature and malevolence; especially if a faithful Minister, in critical times, stand forth as a promoter of order and lawful authority. His regard for the harmony of society and the authority of Scripture, is, by some, construed into a love of tyranny, and a connivance at oppression.

Under these circumstances, faithful Ministers have no alternative but to stand by one another in the hour of trial.

When worn with toil the race of duty ends,  
Who are, alas, the hoary veteran's friends?

Page 12.

Perhaps this picture may have too deep a shade; but the writer will be pardoned by his brethren, for having felt in a case where not to feel would be criminal in the highest degree. If the holy Scripture, in the wisdom of its institutions, has made provision for the efficient Minister in its explicit letter, can we for a moment suppose, that its compassionate spirit is fulfilled where there is no sufficient support for a worn-out laborer? When a man has devoted the best energies of his youth, vigor and life to the cause of God, with only a bare provision for present exigencies, reason, justice and honor, require that he should be comfortably provided for in his old age. Some Ministers have their full salaries when worn out in the service; and has a worn-out Methodist Preacher fewer claims than others? I say *worn-out*, for the nature of his duties, arduous and fatiguing, soon wear him out; while the cold prospect before him, prevents him from sitting down, till he has literally only a remnant of painful and debilitated life left upon the web. In the King's service old officers have their full pay; and is Religion less kind to its worn-out servants than the civil government of a nation? It may be objected; we have a fund of justice, a legalized fund, allowing from 24 to 30 guineas per annum; and that we have a fund of mercy to *eke* out in cases of *extreme* necessity. Alas! unless this be better supported than of late, they must be cases of great necessity indeed, where



any relief is likely to be obtained. May our rich and opulent friends, when they are musing upon what objects of mercy to bestow a portion of their beneficence, remember the Methodist Preachers' merciful fund; and make it a fund of mercy in reality.

Some rare or old conceit, no matter which,  
So Gerund thought, makes every subject rich.

Page 13.

This is an age for novelty; the rage of something new is universal. Old books are ransacked to furnish quaint ideas, which when new were little esteemed; but, having become old, are as much prized as the precious rust of Julius Cæsar's breast plate. Plain truth, like plain clothes, is becoming unfashionable: and Athens Redivivus may soon become the order of the day. A little while ago the author had the mortification of hearing a sermon at a Missionary Meeting, so full of *nice points*, *curious conceits*, and *far-fetched allusions*, seriously he was induced to believe the excellent Preacher had got his head among the clouds: it was far above the level of the author's understanding, and from what he could learn, very few present could fathom the depth, or soar to the summit of the Preacher's reasoning; and yet he is a man of an excellent genius, and, would he imitate a Preacher I dare not mention, he might rise to true greatness. I would here ask, need any preaching be *deeper* than John Wesley's? I should have said *finer*, deeper it cannot be. To any one who is in danger of the above exuberance of wit, profusion of similitude, prettiness of ornament, far-fetched allusions, pompous diction, affectation of learning, &c. I would affectionately recommend a careful perusal of the history of Friar Gerund.

Thy peerless hymns, each nice distinction trace  
Each shade of mind, each lineament of grace.

Page 17.

Charles Wesley had almost the exclusive patent of the harp of David; he was one of the sweetest writers of hymns the world ever saw. Compare his lovely compositions with most of the double distilled

of the present day (I mean modern hymns) and the *croaking* of the frog but serves to endear the *melody* of the nightingale. His harp was always in tune: hence, his fine verses unite the depths of piety, with the beauties of poetry: for he was no less acquainted with the hill of Parnassus, than with that of Zion; and had he devoted his noble genius to subjects of another kind, he would have ranked high among the poets of the age. When his harp was hung upon the willows, if touched, it gave the finest tones of pensive grief; see his hymns written chiefly for backsliders. While he warbles the sorrows of a penitent heart, his soothing strains touch the tender chord of infelt contrition, and soothe the wounded spirit into the delightful hope of pardon and acceptance. As he sweeps the cheerful notes of praise, the affections take wing, and mount in an ecstasy of delight to the third heaven. And when he strikes the deep full chord of perfect love, he unveils the whole "mystery of godliness," and fires the upright heart with the love of purity and truth. Although in some of his hymns there are elegant classical allusions, yet his sole intention is to display the beauties of holiness through the crystal medium of most delightful poetry. He improves every incident, with the pure intention that "a verse may catch *him* who a sermon flies, and turn delight into a sacrifice." In reading many of the selections of the present day, one often meets with some of his lovely compositions shining through the "dim obscure" like a star of the first magnitude, and though often garbled and mangled by the injudiciousness of the selector, they have not lost all their original brightness. Sometimes, indeed, through ignorance I have seen them ascribed to others; not unfrequently have their wings been cut, and a few "feeble expletives" tagged to them, probably to prevent their eclipsing the motley group among which they have been compelled to stand. Sometimes, through—but I will not mention it—they have been without a name; even though "names unknown to song" were prefixed to every other: O, Tempora! O, Mores! But to come near *home*, surely some of the worthy correspondents of the Methodist Magazine, who doubtless in pure kindness send the editor hymns for the edification of two hun-



dred thousand people, must have forgotten that Wesley's hymns are still familiar among us, or they would not gipsify such noble compositions, or more frequently send us a background to his landscape. "For what can that man do that cometh after the king?" Alas, that any one should think of scenting a rose, of painting crystal, or of increasing the beauty of a gem by covering it with smoke; for such are all attempts to improve Wesley's hymns, without Wesley's genius. The writer of this note files his protest in the high chancery of poetry, against all smuggling, transposing, gypsifying, patching, refining, or pirating the hymns of the said C. Wesley: which he is persuaded that neither himself, nor his brethren, whether clergy or laity, poets, poetesses or poetasters, can possibly improve; and he moreover protests against any poet, in any Wesleyan pulpit, supplanting the aforesaid hymns by any of his own composition: and herein he requires that none transgress at their peril. Given under my hand and seal, &c.

My Asbury, has thy pure spirit flown,  
To sinless Eden's ever-blooming zone,

Page 21.

### *An Account of the Rev. F. Asbury.*

Bishop Asbury was one of those very few men whom nature forms in no ordinary mould, although possessed of little literature, his mind was stamped with a certain greatness and originality which lifted him far above the merely learned man, and fitted him to be great without science, and venerable without titles. His knowledge of men was profound and penetrating; hence he looked into character as one looks into a clear stream in order to discover the bottom: yet he did not use this penetration to compass any unworthy purposes; the policy of knowing men in order to make the most of them, was a littleness to which he never stooped. He had only one end in view, and that was worthy the dignity of an angel; from this nothing ever warped him aside. He seemed conscious that God had designed him for a great work, and nothing was wanting on his part to fulfil the intention of Providence. The niche

was cut in the great temple of usefulness, and he stretched himself to fill it up in all its dimensions. To him, the widest career of labor and duty presented no obstacle. Like a moral Cæsar he thought nothing done while anything remained to do. His penetrating eye measured the ground, over which he intended to sow the seeds of eternal life; while his courageous and active mind, cheerfully embraced all the difficulties engrafted upon his labors. He worshipped no god of the name of *Terminus*; but stretched "his line of things" far beyond the bounds of ordinary minds: an annual journey of six thousand miles, through a wilderness country (the best roads of which require patience and caution, and the worst set description at defiance) would have sunk a feebler mind into despondency, but ~~neither roads, weather nor accommodations,~~ retarded his progress, nor once moved him from the line of duty. He pursued the most difficult and laborious course, as most men do their pleasures; and although for many years he was enfeebled by sickness, and worn with age and infirmity; two hundred thousand persons, saw with astonishment the hoary veteran still, "still standing in his lot," or "pressing his vast line" of duty with undiminished zeal. The Methodist connection in United America gloried in having such a man to preside at their head: and few of the preachers ever spoke of his integrity, diligence, and zeal, without imputing to themselves some worth, in having him as their Bishop. To all that bore the appearance of polished and pleasing life he was dead; and both from habit and divine grace had acquired such a true greatness of mind, that he seemed to estimate nothing as excellent but what tended to the glory of God. Flattery, of which many great minds are highly susceptible, found him fortified behind a double guard of humility: and opposition but served to awaken those energies of mind, which rise with difficulties and surmount the greatest. He knew nothing about pleasing the flesh at the expense of duty; flesh and blood were enemies with whom he never took counsel; he took a high standing upon the rugged alps of labor, and to all that lagged behind, he said, "come up hither." He was a rigid enemy to ease; hence, the pleasures of study and the charms of recreation, he

alike sacrificed to the more sublime work of saving souls. His faith was a "constant evidence of things not seen," for he lived as a man totally blind to all worldly attractions. It is true that his self-denial savored of austerity, and yet he could sympathize with another's weakness. Some great and good men have had their sportive moments, and without committing "half a sin," have both smiled themselves, and been amused with others. But, although I have been in his company upon a variety of occasions, I never saw him indulge in even innocent pleasantry: his was the solemnity of an Apostle; it was so interwoven with his conduct, that he could not put off the gravity of the Bishop, either in the parlor or dining-room. What (on account of levity) was once said of a popular preacher, that he should either never go in, or never come out of a pulpit, could never be applied to him. Wisdom is not more distant from folly, than his conduct was from any thing akin to trifling. He had stated hours of retirement and prayer; upon which he let neither business nor company break in. Prayer was the seasoning of all his avocations; he never suffered the cloth to be removed from the table until he had kneeled down to address the Almighty; it was the preface to all business, and often the link that connected opposite duties, and the conclusion of whatever he took in hand. Divine wisdom seemed to direct all his undertakings, for he sought its counsels upon all occasions; no part of his conduct was the result of accident; the plan by which ~~he managed~~ all his affairs, was as regular as the movements of a time-piece; ~~hence he had no idle moments, no~~ fragments of time broken and scattered up and down, no cause to say with Titus, "my friends, I have lost a day." Pleading with God in secret, settling the various affairs of the body over which he presided, or speaking "to men for their edification," in the pulpit, occupied all his time. As a preacher, although not an orator, he was dignified, eloquent, and impressive; his sermons were the result of good sense and sound wisdom, delivered with great authority and gravity, and often attended with divine unction, which made them as refreshing as the dew of heaven. One of the last subjects I heard him preach upon, was union and brotherly love; it was the great-



est I ever heard upon that subject. His talents as a preacher were respectable, but his chief excellence lay in governing; for this, perhaps no man was better qualified; he presided with dignity, moderation and firmness, over a large body of men: all of whom are as tenacious of liberty and equal rights as most men in the world; and yet each submitted to an authority that grew out of his labors; an authority founded upon reason, maintained with inflexible integrity, and exercised only for the good of the whole. A man of less energy would have given up the reins; and one of less wisdom, prudence and moderation, would have committed the same error as Phæton; and the whole system would have been confused and distracted; but Mr. Asbury managed the vast economy with singular ability; his eye was keen, his hand was steady, and his "moderation was known to all men." In 1780 he first took charge of the societies as general superintendant; the whole country was then in a state of ferment; the war of the revolution had raged for four years, party spirit ran high, the waves of political fury threatened to swallow up the infant cause; all the preachers, save himself, had fled from the storm; he alone remained as the last pilot to brave the fury of the angry tempest, and to bring, if possible, the little bark into a quiet haven. When he first took the helm, there were 42 American preachers, and 8,504 persons in the society; when he resigned his charge to the great head of the church, March 16th, 1816, there were 700 travelling preachers, and 218,000 members. Thus had this faithful servant of God labored and not fainted. In all things "approving himself to God," in much patience, in affliction, in necessities, in distresses, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left. He annually visited nine Conferences, the two extremities of which, the Tennessee Conference to the west, and the state of Maine to the east, were 1,400 miles apart. The following is the order in which this laborious veteran performed his

wide and extended tour of duty and usefulness, during the time of my residence in the U. S. He visited the

OHIO CONFERENCE	<i>September 1, 1813.</i>
TENNESSEE DITTO	<i>October 1, 1813.</i>
SOUTH CAROLINA DITTO	<i>January 12, 1814.</i>
VIRGINIA DITTO	<i>February 20, 1814.</i>
BALTIMORE DITTO	<i>March 16, 1814.</i>
PHILADELPHIA DITTO	<i>April 6, 1814.</i>
NEW YORK DITTO	<i>May 5, 1814.</i>
NEW ENGLAND DITTO	<i>June 2, 1814.</i>
GENNESSEE DITTO	<i>July 14, 1814.</i>

Making the whole route, about 6,000 miles, in little better than ten months; and such was the vigor of his mind, that although (through a rheumatic disorder) he was frequently obliged to walk upon crutches, and sometimes he had to be helped in and out of the pulpit, and frequently to be lifted into his little spring wagon, (for in this vehicle, without pomp or parade, did this venerable man perform his vast journeys, attended only by one or two of the junior preachers on horseback.) Yet on no consideration would he remit any part of his labors: every fragment of time was gathered up, that nothing might be lost; he stamped as much value upon every moment, as though it had been the most precious revenue. Never absent at the call of duty, his great maxim was, "we ought not to please ourselves, but aim only at fulfilling the great work confided to our zeal." His whole life of duty and labor, was a lively and practical comment upon the text. Interest and popularity had no influence whatever upon his views; he would not be turned, and he could not be drawn aside; to warp him from the path of duty, or corrupt his integrity, would have been a task more difficult than Pyrrhus' attempt corrupt Fabricius. His prudence was equal to his integrity; he never committed himself; hence, he had few things to undo; all his affairs were conducted with a "single eye," and these qualifications (more than his learning or popular abilities) recommended him at an early period to the confidence of his brethren, who unanimously chose him their general superintendant, several years before Mr. Wesley more fully appointed him to that office.

And how well he filled it, thousands through every part of United America can testify. Many deviated from the work, but his step was firm; though opposed, he was unmoved; neither friends or foes could shake his resolution. Some men support their measures with violence and heat, and think the cause sanctifies the conduct; as though opposition could be consumed by the "spirit of their mouth," but in him, self-command, equanimity and moderation shone with divine lustre; he neither lived under the dog star, nor the pole; the equal balances were the sign that influenced his conduct as a public man. I have seen him sit in Conferences with the greatest calmness, when many things were canvassed which must have greatly pained and wounded his mind; but in his "patience he possessed his soul! The servant of the Lord should not strive." If he could not carry a point, he did not force it against wind and tide, but calmly sat down till the blast was gone by, and with a placid dignity made a virtue of necessity, or with discriminating wisdom, brought the measure forward in a less exceptionable shape, and at a more convenient time. In his appearance he was a picture of plainness and simplicity, bordering upon the costume of the Friends; the reader may figure to himself an old man, spare and tall, but remarkably clean, with a plain frock coat, drab, or mixture, waistcoat and small cloths, of the same kind, a neat stock, a large broad-brimmed hat with an uncommonly low crown, while his white locks, venerable with age, added a simplicity to his appearance, that is not easy to describe; his countenance had a cast of severity, but this was probably owing to his habitual gravity and seriousness; his look was remarkably penetrating; in a word, I never recollect to have seen a man of more grave, venerable and dignified appearance. I should not omit his temperance, having frequently dined with him. I have been astonished how a man who ate so sparingly could perform such vast labors; an egg, a little salad, or bread, and a small slice of meat, was his usual dinner; sometimes he dined only upon tea or coffee; wine, spirits or cordials he seldom tasted; at dinner, his meals were seasoned with some weighty and profitable discourse; chiefly upon vital and practical godli-



ness ; he rose early from table, and always concluded with prayer. As he wished to shun compliances, he generally avoided the houses of the rich, and took up his lodgings with persons of middle station in life, that he might not be interrupted in the order and regularity he observed. His whole soul was devoted to the work of a diligent and laborious overseer of the flock of Christ : to all beside, he was nobly indifferent ; not that he was without taste for objects beautiful and magnificent in nature, but they were considered of minor moment to his grand and leading pursuit ; the sublimity of creation, the loftiness of those deep and embowering shades, through which he rode so many thousands of miles ; the vastness of lakes and rivers, cataracts and mountains, the beauty of that foliage, which in all its endless variety of tint, continually meet the eye ; the many colored flowers, the feathered and four-footed inhabitants of those vast forests, might have engaged the attention of a man less bent on fulfilling the work of an apostle, but as the great Paul was more intent upon saving the inhabitants of Athens, Antioch, and Rome, than in describing the beauty of their palaces, the grandeur of their temples, and the loftiness of their colonnades and triumphal arches, so this man of God devoted all his ability, strength and talents to make the "wilderness blossom and bud as the rose," and to save the inhabitants of a forest world. For this he was one month upon the borders of the Mississippi, and another upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. For this he plunged into the forests of Kentucky, or ascended the Alleghany mountains ; this object drew him along the shores of the Atlantic, or the lakes Erie, Michigan and Ontario : for this he braved the swamps of Carolina, and the fevers of New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia. Thus like an angel of benevolence, he conveyed the tidings of peace to hundreds of sylvan towns and villages, deep in the interior of the wilderness. When will United Amercia have such another Apostle ? When will she see another Asbury ? Vast Columbia will long mourn the loss of this venerable Bishop.

The following is a letter I received from the Rev. William Black, one of our oldest and most respected Missionaries in North America, respecting the inter-

ment of this venerable man, who died in the spring of 1816, at Spotsylvania, in Virginia, worn down with labors, but full of faith, resignation and peace, in the seventieth year of his age.

Halifax, June 27th, 1816.

Very dear Brother,

You have doubtless learnt before this, the mission on which Mr. Bennett and myself went to Baltimore: viz. to accomplish an amicable arrangement between the British and American Conferences, of certain difficulties respecting the societies in the Canadas; and if possible, to have the societies under the direction of the American Conference placed under that of the British. We laid our own views, and those of the Methodist Missionary Committee, of that business before the delegates of the annual Conference, in general Conference assembled; but without obtaining our object. The majority of the preachers were in favor of retaining the superintendence of the societies now under their care, the reasons of which you will probably see, when you attend the next British Conference, together with our report thereon. Before our arrival at Baltimore, we learned that our heavenly father had been pleased to remove that great and good man, Mr. Asbury, the particulars of whose death, I doubt not, are already in your possession. Perhaps you may have yet to learn, that, at the request of many of his friends in Baltimore, and particularly of the General Conference, his remains were removed to that city, and interred in a new tomb under Eutaw Chapel. The Episcopalian Bishop, and several other ministers, of different communions, attended the funeral, as did the Governor of the State. Bishop M'Kendree and Mr. Black walked before the corpse, and performed the funeral rites: Bishop M'K read the funeral service, and Mr. B. concluded with prayer. It is supposed that about 20,000, or as some suppose, 25,000 persons were present in the procession, and out of it, as spectators on the solemn occasion. Previous to the interment, Bishop M'Kendree delivered a short discourse, in a very faint and feeble voice, to as many as could crowd into the chapel, embracing some of the leading traits of Bishop Asbury's

history and character. It was about twelve minutes long : but I fear was not heard distinctly by one third of the people. On the following sabbath a funeral sermon was delivered in each of the eight or nine chapels occupied by the Methodists. It was my lot to preach in the Light street chapel, on that solemn occasion. The congregation was very large, and almost silent as death. The chapel contains about 3,000, but hundreds were obliged to go away for want of room. The Bishop and the Conference requested a copy of the sermon for publication ; but I could not consent to furnish one. I am persuaded it owed much of its worth to the coincidences and tender recollections of that awful and affecting time. May the great head of the church, more than supply the vacated place of that truly venerable and pious man, Bishop Asbury. Messrs. George, and R. R. Roberts have been ordained as assistants to Bishop M'Kendree.

Your affectionate brother,  
And fellow laborer,  
WM. BLACK.

The following simple epitaph, hastily sketched, may furnish a hint to an abler pen to do ample justice to the subject.

Sacred to the Memory of  
THE REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,  
The Venerable Apostle to the  
Methodist Societies in United America,  
In these Wild Woods  
He labored for the space of forty-six years,  
Travelled annually 6000 miles; and presided  
at nine different Conferences.  
He was a minister of the most venerable character,  
And a Bishop of the primitive stamp :  
He lived to see the work of God spread,  
And his work extend,  
From the shores of the Atlantic to Lake Ontario, and  
From the Bay of Fundy to the waters of Mississippi.  
Under his general Superintendency,  
The Preachers increased from 42 to 700, and  
The Societies from 8504 to 218,307.

He died full of years, peace and confidence, in the  
 Spring of 1816,  
 At Spotsylvania, in Virginia.  
 Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the  
 Joy of thy Lord.

[A biography of Bishop Asbury is still a desideratum in Methodist literature. Were such a work in existence as we hoped would be the case ere this time, the above sketch might have been omitted. But no such work having yet been published we permit it to stand as the testimony of a cotemporary to his great worth, eminent qualifications, and extensive gospel labors.—*Editor.*]

O ever honored saints accept the lines,  
 A timid poet, offers at your shrines.

Page 29.

Venerable shades! If in the paradise where you dwell, any human events can reach your knowledge, (and why not you also, if angels rejoice over a penitent,) accept this poor tribute of sincere esteem. In giving you a place in these lines, the writer has nothing in view from men, nor yet even from you who are now something more. Much as he wishes to form himself by your example while upon earth, he dares not ask your prayers, now you are in felicity. In praising you he is neither feeding the vanity, or exciting the envy of any individual. While you sojourned upon earth, few encomiums were either made upon your persons, or paid to your excellence. Praise you did not expect, but your path was plentifully strewn with the "briars of reproof," ill-nature, and opposition. You were the first settlers in our "land of Canaan" the country was all waste, "howling wilderness" when you came to inhabit it: you cut down the trees, drained the marshes, opened the roads, bridged the rivers, destroyed the wild beasts, and cleared the ground. To accomplish all this, required courage, fortitude, constancy and patience like yours. The fabulous labors of Hercules were far less designed for the good of mankind than your real ones. Your cultivating hands turned the moral desert into a fruitful field: hence, we who enter upon your labors, find a well cultivated country, abounding with all the



blessings of life. Few have done more good than you, with less human encouragement; but ease, popularity, and plenty, were not the objects of your pursuit. You felt pity for a world, which, in a thousand different ways, made you feel its resentment, and repaid your labors, prayers, tears, preaching, watching, fasting, and zeal; with mobs, stones, tumults, imprisonment, reproach and contempt; but the conflict is past, and you have gained the crown. Holy shades did you ever imagine that the monument of your usefulness would have four sides, on the squares of which are written—EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA. Your sons have planted the cross in Europe, from Scotland to the rock of Gibraltar. In America, from Cape Canso to Canada, from the province of Maine, a northern extremity of the United States, to the Altamahaw river, in the southern extremities of Georgia; and from the seaboard in the eastern Atlantic States, to Erie, Detroit, Michigan, Wabash, and Missouri, in the west; and south-west to the Mississippi, Natchez, Louisiana, New Orleans, and the Tombeckbee settlements. In Africa they have stretched their line from Sierra Leone to the Cape of Good Hope, and as far as the Bushmen and Caffre Land, In Asia they have planted the Gospel in the island of Ceylon, and upon the great continent of India. On islands they have sounded forth salvation from Prince Edward's to Newfoundland; from the Bermudas to the Bahamas; and from the windward to the remotest of the leeward islands, and from thence to New South Wales. The dark veil of futurity prevented you from seeing, that in 1820, 1400 travelling preachers, 6000 local, and nearly half a million of members, would spring from the seed you planted amid sighs and opposition, and watered with your tears. Could you have supposed that Doctors, Critics, Commentators, Orators, Missionaries, Masters of Arts, and even Poets, would be among your sons. Some of your children are become princes among the people, and are not ashamed to speak before Princes. Our lofty chapels, some in the form of amphitheatres, others with colonnades and organs, and double galleries are very different from the small apartments, and often miserable little hovels, in which ye published the glad tidings of salvation. Ye

who had no name but what was often an *ensign* of contempt, have among your successors, those who have done it honor by wearing it in the senate of the nation. In your time, truth crept from place to place by stealth, afraid to show its lovely head; now it comes boldly forward, in Bible Societies, Mission Societies, Tract Societies, Temperance Societies, &c. &c. &c. You found it difficult to raise a few shillings, to pay your unavoidable expenses; and had, sometimes, to *sell* your *horses*, to save your credit; but your spiritual children raise more than 20,000*l.* annually, to support Foreign Missions. Ye were "*plain men*," and used "great plainness of speech," some of your sons "make it so fine and curled," and can talk so much "Latin, Greek and Hebrew," as, were you upon earth, would make you wonder exceedingly. You often carried your libraries in your pockets, and your wardrobes upon your backs; but some of your successors have from 500 to 1000 volumes apiece, and still grasp after more. This great temple of Methodism has all arisen from the little stone ye cut out of the mountain without hands; our increasing Missions, and widely extended work, are the fruits of your labors. May we highly esteem you, "for your work's sake;" we have no monuments of brass on which to inscribe your memories, (for after all we are still poor) but your names are written upon our hearts, and if we cannot have you as preaching angels, in our public assemblies, may we at least have you as guardian angels over our lives, labors and economy. Like you may we preach, suffer, and live, and like you in the last agonies of death, feel and manifest "the power of an endless life."

A quiet haven, from the storm secured.

Where mine and many a shattered bark has moored.

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The writer of these lines was literally twice shipwrecked; first on board the Amethyst, frigate, off the Island of Alderney, (she was totally lost) and secondly in the Mary, cutter, on the Bolt tail Rock, near Plymouth. He therefore takes this opportunity of recording the goodness of an over-ruling Providence, whose child (in many perils both by sea and land) he has ev-



er been. May a life so often and so wonderfully preserved, be devoted to truth, virtue and righteousness, till God shall require it, who has kept him in the hollow of his hand. Amen. So be it.

These woods solicit, these vast lakes implore,  
Proclaim the cross along Ontario's shore.

Page 46.

Upper and Lower Canada is a grand field for Missionary labors. The settlements are new and but thinly scattered over an immense country; hence the paucity of settled ministers, and hence, also, the necessity of that gospel which Missionary Itinerancy is so well able to supply. Plunged into the depths of that "boundless contiguity of shade," many of the settlers seldom hear a sermon; to them the word of God is precious indeed. In this vast country of indefinite extent, the Missionary has a large sphere of action, and the colonists a pressing claim upon his labors. The Indians also, in those regions of forest shade, may plaintively say "no man careth for my soul." These children of the wilderness are peculiarly susceptible of the sublime impressions of religion; had we no other proof of this, the labors of a Brainerd speak volumes. Loskiel's history is likewise a monument of proofs. The simplicity, hardihood and sincerity, of the Indian character, bring him into a closer contact with the genius of the Gospel, than the soft and enervated children of the east, who are both debased by tyranny, depraved by idolatry, and effeminated by a sickly and burning climate. Since I left America, I have often regretted that we have no Missionary, *peculiarly* and *solely* devoted to the instruction of the Indians;\* though I fear the slow process of Indian conversion, would hardly harmonize with the ardent genius of Methodism; we love to do things by a *coup de main*, but following a few scattered Indians through the wilds of a forest, requires the patience of a Moravian, and the perseverance of a Brainerd.

\* The reader will, no doubt, be rejoiced to know, that since the above note was written, several Indian Missionary establishments have been made, by different denominations, and particularly by the Methodist, whose success has far exceeded the expectations of even the most sanguine, in bringing the savages of the wilderness to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Could they be persuaded however, to change their mode of life, and substitute cultivating the earth for hunting, the objects of a Mission would be more effectually accomplished: In some cases this has been done, during my residence in the United States, I had an opportunity of seeing such a settlement. On the banks of the beautiful lake Oneida, and near the American village Clinton, is Brotherstown, here I saw many Indians cultivating the land, here too, I saw the chapel built by the celebrated Indian preacher Occum, it stands near the great western road to the lakes. Skenandon, their famous sachem or chief was then alive; death however has since called away this venerable christian Indian. The following interesting account of his death, is taken from a periodical publication; the author will be pardoned for subjoining a poetic tribute to his memory, which he wrote in consequence of reading that obituary.

*Death of Skenandon, an Oneida Chief.*

The following account has been extracted from an American paper.

“Died at his residence near Oneida Castle, on Monday the 11th of March, SKENANDON, the celebrated Oneida Chief, aged 110 years; well known in the wars which occurred while we were British Colonies, and in the contest which issued in our independence, as the undeviating friend of the people of the United States. He was very savage, and addicted to drunkenness in his youth;\* but, by his own reflections, and the benevolent instructions of the late Rev. Mr. Kirkland, missionary to his tribe, he lived a reformed man for more than sixty years, and died in christian hope.

From attachment to Mr. Kirkland, he had always expressed a strong desire to be buried near his minister and his father, that he might, (to use his own expression,) “go up with him at the great resurrection.” At the approach of death, after listening to the prayers

\* In the year 1755, Skenandon was present at a treaty made in Albany. At night he was excessively drunk, and in the morning found himself in the street stripped of all his ornaments, and of every article of clothing. His pride revolted at his self-degradation, and he resolved that he would never again deliver himself over to the power of “strong water.”

which were read at his bedside by his great-granddaughter, he again repeated this request. Accordingly, the family of Mr. Kirkland, having received information by a runner that Skenandon was dead, in compliance with a previous promise, sent assistance to the Indians, that the corpse might be conveyed to the village of Clinton for burial. Divine service was attended at the Meeting-house in Clinton. An address was made to the Indians by the Rev. Dr. Backus, President of Hamilton College, which was interpreted by Judge Dean, of Westmoreland. Prayer was then offered and appropriate psalms sung. After service the concourse which had assembled from respect to the deceased Chief, and from the singularity of the occasion, moved to the grave in the following order:—

Students of Hamilton College,

CORPSE.

Indians.

Mrs. Kirkland and family,

Judge Dean, Rev. Dr. Norton,

Rev. Mr. Ayer,

Officers of Hamilton College,

Citizens.

After interment, the only surviving son of the deceased, self-moved, returned thanks, through Judge Dean as interpreter, to the people for the respect shown to his father on the occasion, and to Mrs. Kirkland and family for their kind and friendly attentions.

Skenandon's person was tall and brawny, but well-made; his countenance was intelligent, and beamed with all the indigenous dignity of an Indian chief. In his youth he was a brave and intrepid warrior, and in his riper years one of the ablest counsellors among the North American tribes. He possessed a strong and vigorous mind; and though terrible as the tornado in war, he was bland and mild as the zephyr in peace. With the cunning of the fox, the hungry perseverance of the wolf, and the agility of the mountain-cat, he watched and repelled Canadian invasions. His vigilance once preserved from massacre the inhabitants of the infant settlement of German-flats. His influence brought his tribe to our assistance in the war of the

revolution. How many of the living and the dead have been saved from the tomahawk and scalping-knife, by his friendly aid, is not known; but individuals and villages have expressed gratitude for his benevolent interpositions; and, among the Indian tribes, he was distinguished by the appellation of the "White Man's Friend."

Although he could speak but little English, and in his extreme old age was blind, yet his company was sought. In conversation he was highly decorous, evincing that he had profited by seeing civilized and polished society, and by mingling with good company in his better days.

To a friend who called on him a short time since, he thus expressed himself by an interpreter:—

"I am an aged hemlock—the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches—I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have run away and left me: why I live the Great Good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus, that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

Honored Chief! his prayer was answered! he was cheerful and resigned to the last. For several years he kept his dress for the grave prepared. Once, and again, and again, he came to Clinton to die, longing that his soul might be with Christ, and his body in the "narrow house," near his beloved Christian teacher.

While the ambitious look principally to sculptured monuments, and to niches in the temple of earthly fame, Skenandon, in the spirit of the only real nobility, stood with his loins girded, waiting the coming of his Lord.

[Here follow some lines by Marsden on the death of Skenandon, which, for the sake of room, are omitted.]

Debased with crime and levell'd to the dust,  
He has no bliss to hope, no God to trust.

Page 47.

The moral condition of the blacks must be most melancholy in those Islands where missions have not been established; and also in those parishes, and upon those plantations to which Christian missionaries have no access. The religion of nature is the parent of crime and



misery ; natural debasement is the lot of slaves, hence, if ever the consolations of piety were required, they are required here. Man without religion, in his best estate is a solitary and hopeless being : the slave must necessarily be most wretched ; to him not even the few consolations of social life are granted. If common life without God is a burden, the misery of slavery, the worst political curse, is here superadded. If stripes, if cruelty, if labor, if hunger had no alliance with slavery, still it is most degrading ; but what shall we say when the slave is without instructor, without bible, without sabbath, without peace, hope, consolation or God ; ah ! the feeling heart recoils from such a picture of human misery. Our government has made provision to build a hundred churches ; O that it had also sent a hundred christian missionaries to the poor negroes ! this would have been noble—godlike. When will the policy of rulers make provision for the wretched ; then only, when man shall love his neighbor as himself.

A close, a searching inquiry proceeds,  
His labors, gifts, his piety and creeds.

Page 50.

It has been supposed, that the system of Wesleyan Methodism admits any one to preach, who imagines he has preaching gifts ; so far, however, from this being the case, that no body of christian ministers exercise a more severe ordeal, than that by which the fitness of a Wesleyan preacher is tested. Before he is allowed to preach as a local preacher, his gifts and character are closely sifted by his brethren of that order. Secondly, in order to his admission upon trial as an itinerant, he must receive the perfect approbation of a quarterly meeting. Thirdly, he is examined and further sifted by the district composed of travelling preachers. Fourthly, he is brought forward again at the Conference, where, fifthly, if admitted upon trial, he has four years to serve before he can be taken into full connection ; when a close investigation takes place respecting his gifts, graces, usefulness and moral character ; should he be defective in any of these, a serious demur takes place respecting his admission ; probably he is either put

back upon trial, or dismissed from the work. Now, I would ask, in what body is there such a slowly graduating process? Such a fiery ordeal? Such a steep ascent to climb, in order to arrive at the ministry? It is true, Methodism neither imposes nor requires a four years study of the mathematics. It sees no immediate alliance between that kind of science and the grand scheme of salvation; for however important it may consider such subjects, in reference to war, geography, navigation, or astronomy, it does not view them in relation to ministerial fitness, as indispensably necessary to form the "workman who needeth not to be ashamed rightly dividing the word of truth." If, therefore, the author has seemed to cast some of these things into shade, it was not because he did not consider them as important to some professions in life; nor was it owing to the vanity of undervaluing a thing he did not himself understand; for, having devoted not a little of his time to the attainment of mathematical science, he is not ignorant of its bearings and uses; he alludes particularly to geometry and trigonometry; in the study of which, he has found much pleasure, but little spiritual profit.

Still let each brother pass the straitened door,  
Still wave this fan along the public floor.

Page 53.

As long as this annual investigation of character takes place, so long will Wesleyan Methodism be kept pure. The neglect of this kind of discipline in any body of christians will be found to lie at the root of all its corruptions; no denomination of christians will be better, or holier, or wiser, than their teachers. A christian Ministry should attain to the highest mark upon the standard of excellence; but to many, who is to apply that standard? Who is to bring home upon the individual, the shame and scandal of coming short? Who is to make the incision, that should sever an unworthy or immoral minister from the church of Christ! In what body is this attended to. A solitary instance may now and then occur; but alas! the tribunal of discipline is so seldom erected, and the penalties of minis-



terial delinquency are so slight, and so often commuted, that, now-a-days, no man trembles at the thought of being put out of office. Wesleyan Methodism is, however, an exception to these remarks; her economy is full of eyes: and her rigid discipline, like the shears of Atropos, cuts off the unworthy minister from the communion of his brethren. May she never depart from this purity of discipline, and then as I have predicted above,

While truth shall triumph, man his God adore,  
Th' Wesleyan cause shall flourish more and more.



NOTES TO AMERICAN METHODISM.



## NOTES.

THE reader has not been troubled with references to notes in the body of the Poem. But few are deemed necessary here. Some, however, may not be inappropriate. The design of the foregoing humble effort is thought to be sufficiently evident. The author has no party purposes to serve. He seeks the good of American Methodism as a whole, not the triumph of one portion over another portion. Methodism in the United States is no more one in external organization. Nor do the fundamental principles of Methodist economy require that there should be but one organization. Indeed, previous to the late separation between the northern and southern portions of the M. E. Church, legitimate Methodism was divided into at least three distinct ecclesiastical bodies—the parent body in Great Britain—the M. E. Church in the United States—and the Canada Wesleyan Church. These three bodies acknowledged each other as distinct, yet regular and legitimate Methodist Church organizations. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was *designed*, by the Conference of 1844, to be placed on the same platform, as it regards legitimacy and regularity. No one can doubt this who consults the proceedings of the Conference in reference to that subject. There are many, however, who deny both the constitutionality and propriety of the course pursued by the General Conference of 1844: and there are others who, admitting the constitutionality of those proceedings, and, in some degree the compact character of the Plan of Separation, nevertheless, think that the subsequent proceedings of the Southern portion have been such as to destroy their title to legitimacy and regularity. The present attitude of



these two great sections of Methodism is that of hostility towards each other. War has not been formally and officially declared, it is true, but hostilities have been in progress for some length of time along the border; and possibly before these lines meet the eyes of the reader, American Methodism, may stand before the world at open and avowed war with itself—the plan of separation nullified—all restrictions upon mutual aggression torn away and both parties left at full liberty to do their best for party ends and gains. Such a state of things the writer heartily deprecates; and in view of it the few Stanzas on American Methodism have been suggested. He cannot flatter himself that their influence will be great; but if they shall help to a kinder spirit in a single soul, he is not without his reward. He has endeavored to present the folly and sinfulness of disunity and contention, by various familiar illustrations, some of them at least directly authorized by Scripture. He argues the importance and necessity of Union from the command of the great Head of the Church—the honor of our common name—the interests of Protestantism and the welfare of the Country. These general remarks must suffice. A few on particular passages may be indulged.

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Why cast away your armor, quit your posts,  
And basely from exulting foes take flight?

Stanza 2.

During the last four years the Church has been decreasing in numbers. Methodism in the United States is not as strong numerically, at the present time, as it was four years ago. The armies of the Lord have been retreating before their foes. It is true that more recently the spirit of revival has again blessed the church. No one more rejoices in it than does the writer. The above lines, with some subsequent ones referring to the same point were written before the recent indications of prosperity, and under the full weight of

the oppression of feeling common on account of the desolations of Zion. We would not be understood as relying upon numbers and increase as an infallible indication of the divine favor. Nor do we attribute the entire decrease to the division of the church; but there can be no doubt that the unfavorable influence exerted by our unhappy contentions had something to do in producing this deplorable result.

When at thy voice the lute of Wesley woke,  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 As once to Whitefield, long estranged it spoke

Stanza 9.

Who that ever read can forget the beautiful poetical epistle of Charles Wesley to Whitefield inviting him to forget old differences, and prepare to mingle with all the blessed in the glorious triumph before the throne.

Each on his brother's overthrow was bent,  
 Deeming him foe to truth, by vile Abaddon sent.

Stanza 10.

This language is not intended to teach that Wesley and Whitefield were personal enemies, or that they denied each other's personal piety. Personally they were friends, and held each other in high esteem, though for a season their friendly intercourse was suspended by reason of their doctrinal differences. But that the language above is not too strong when applied to their opposition to each other's doctrinal systems, we think will be evident. Whitefield was very confident that the dogmas of Calvin were the doctrines of the bible, and that Wesley's opposition to them originated in a device of the devil, consequently, he and his friends separated from Wesley. What the Wesleys thought of Whitefield's Calvinism, may be learned from the following spirited lines of Charles on the subject.

Oh had he kept the post by Heaven assigned,  
 Sent to invite and waken all mankind!  
 Oh had he 'scaped that plague that deadly draught,  
 Which rigid Calvin from old Dominic caught!  
 Unless to heathen Zeno we ascribe,

What Mahomet taught his wild elected tribe.  
 Shall Whitefield too mis-spend his noble might  
 To wash the Ethiop Reprobation white!  
 Shall Whitefield too to prop the doctrine try,  
 The hellish, blasphemous, exploded lie:  
 The "horrible decree," the foulest tale,  
 The deadliest that was ever hatched in hell!  
 And shall I spare the doctrine? Spare the fiend,  
 Th' old Fatalist, the murderer of my friend?  
 No: while the breath of God these limbs sustains.  
 Or flows one drop of blood within these veins,  
 War, endless war, with Satan's scheme I make,  
 Full vengeance on the hellish doctrine take,  
 Its sworn eternal foe for my own Whitefield's sake."

It may be observed that the *Wesley* of the IX, X, XI, stanzas is not John *or* Charles distinctively considered; but John *and* Charles conjointly. They are sufficiently one for poetical purposes.

Their separation overruled for good,  
 Has scattered far and wide the Gospel seed.

Stanza 11.

There can be little doubt but the differences and separation of Wesley and Whitefield, in the hands of Providence, were overruled for good to the spiritual interests of Protestant christendom. Wesley as an Arminian had readier access to those of similar creed; and Whitefield as a Calvinist, found the Calvinistic pulpits open to his ministry. By these means the leaven of evangelical piety, justifying faith and the fervors of Methodism, were infused into both the great doctrinal branches of Protestantism. It is not too much to say that this leaven is working to this day, in a greater or less degree, in all the evangelical churches of Great Britain and America. As the separation of Barnabas and Paul in the olden time resulted in two distinct missions instead of one, as at first projected, and, therefore, probably in the wider diffusion of the Gospel seed, so that of Wesley and Whitefield, the modern Apostles of justifying faith and fervent piety, has tended to the furtherance of the Gospel. What was at the time regarded as a great calamity to the cause of God is now a matter of congratulation. It is thus that God makes the

wrath of man to praise him; and the remainder (excess) he will restrain; overruling what may be overruled for good, and restraining the remainder. There is hope in this thought for American Methodism. Perhaps, after all, the great Head of the church will bring about some greater result by the separation than could have been accomplished without it. We have great faith in Providence; and hope for Methodism as the child of Providence.

The Church's outward dress, its organism,  
May not be parted for a thing of naught.

Stanza 30.

“A causeless separation from a body of living christians”—commonly denominated *Schism*—“however innocent it may be accounted” says Mr. Wesley, “is both evil in itself and productive of evil consequences.” Without intending to say that the separation of the South was a causeless one, or that it was *unnecessary*, for we determine nothing on that point, the language of Mr. Wesley concerning the evil results of a “causeless,” (*needless*) separation is singularly descriptive of what has occurred in the actual workings of that event; whether by the fault of those separating, or those adhering, or both, the writer determines not.

“To separate ourselves from a body of living Christians, with whom we were before united, is a grievous breach of the law of love. It is the nature of love to unite us together; and the greater the love, the stricter the union. And while this continues in its strength, nothing can divide those whom love has united. It is only when our love grows cold, that we can think of separating from our brethren. And this is certainly the case with any who willingly separate from their Christian brethren. The pretences for separation may be innumerable, but want of love is always the real cause, otherwise, they would still hold the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. It is therefore contrary to all those commands of God, wherein brotherly love is enjoined: to that of St. Paul; “Let brotherly love continue;”—to that of St. John; “My beloved children,



love one another ;"—and especially to that of our blessed master ; " This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." Yea, " by this," saith he, " shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

" And as such a separation is evil in itself, being a breach of brotherly love, so it brings forth evil fruit ; it is naturally productive of the most mischievous consequences. It opens a door to all unkind tempers, both in ourselves and others. It leads directly to a whole train of evil surmisings, to severe and uncharitable judging of each other. It gives occasion to offence, to anger and resentment, perhaps in ourselves as well as in our brethren ; which, if not presently stopped, may issue in bitterness, malice, and settled hatred ; creating a present hell wherever they are found, as a prelude to hell eternal.

" But the ill consequences of even this species of schism do not terminate in the heart. Evil tempers cannot long remain within, before they are productive of outward fruit. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. As he whose heart is full of love, openeth his mouth with wisdom, and in his lips there is the law of kindness ; so he whose heart is full of prejudice, anger, suspicion, or any unkind temper, will surely open his mouth in a manner corresponding with the disposition of his mind. And hence will arise, if not lying and slandering, (which yet will hardly be avoided,) bitter words, tale bearing, backbiting, and evil speaking of every kind.

" From evil words, from tale bearing, backbiting, and evil speaking, how many evil works will naturally flow ! Anger, jealousy, envy, wrong tempers of every kind, do not vent themselves merely in words, but push men continually to all kinds of ungodly and unrighteous actions. A plentiful harvest of all the works of darkness, may be expected to spring from this source ; whereby, in the end, thousands of souls, and not a few of those who once walked in the light of God's countenance, may be turned from the way of peace, and finally drowned in everlasting perdition.

" Well might our blessed Lord say, " Wo unto the world because of offences !" Yet it must needs be, that

offences will come :” yea, abundance of them will, of necessity, arise, when a breach of this sort is made in any religious community : while they that leave it endeavor to justify themselves, by censuring those they separate from ; and these, on the other hand, retort the charge, and strive to lay the blame on them. But how mightily does all this altercation grieve the Holy Spirit of God ! How does it hinder his mild and gentle operations in the souls both of one and the other ? Heresies and schisms, (in the scriptural sense of those words,) will, sooner or later, be the consequence : parties will be formed, on one side and the other side, whereby the love of many will wax cold. The hunger and thirst after righteousness, after either the favor or the full image of God, together with the longing desires, wherewith so many were filled, of promoting the work of God in the souls of their brethren, will grow languid ; and as offences increase, will gradually die away. And as the “fruit of the Spirit” withers away, “the works of the flesh” will again prevail ; to the utter destruction, first of the power, and then of the very form, of religion. These consequences are not imaginary ; are not built on mere conjectures, but on plain matter of fact. This has been the case again and again within these last thirty or forty years : these have been the fruits which we have seen over and over, to be consequent on such a separation.

“And what a grievous stumbling block must these things be to those who are without ; to those who are strangers to religion ; who have neither the form nor the power of godliness ! How will they triumph over these once eminent Christians ! How boldly ask,—“What are they better than us ?” How will they harden their hearts more and more against the truth, and bless themselves in their wickedness ? From which, possibly the example of the Christians might have reclaimed them, had they continued unblamable in their behaviour. Such is the complicated mischief which persons separating themselves from a Christian church or society do, not only to themselves, but to that whole society, and to the whole world in general.

“But perhaps such persons will say, “We did not do this willingly ; we were constrained to separate



from that society, because we could not continue therein with a clear conscience; we could not continue without sin. I was not allowed to continue therein, without breaking a commandment of God." If this was the case, you could not be blamed for separating from that society. Suppose, for instance, you were a member of the church of Rome; and you could not remain therein, without committing idolatry; without worshipping of idols, whether images, or saints and angels; then it would be your bounden duty to leave that community; totally to separate from it. Suppose you could not remain in the church of England, without doing something which the word of God forbids or omitting something which the word of God positively commands; if this were the case, (but blessed be God, it is not,) you ought to separate from the church of England. I will make the case my own: I am now, and have been from my youth, a member and minister of the church of England. And I have no desire nor design to separate from it, till my soul separates from my body. Yet if I was not permitted to remain therein, without omitting what God requires me to do, it would then become meet, and right, and my bounden duty, to separate from it without delay. To be more particular: I know God has committed to me a dispensation of the Gospel; yea, and my own salvation depends upon preaching it: "wo is me if I preach not the gospel." If then I could not remain in the church without omitting this; without desisting from preaching the gospel, I should be under a necessity of separating from it, or losing my own soul. In like manner, if I could not continue united to any smaller society, church, or body of Christians, without committing sin; without lying and hypocrisy; without preaching to others, doctrines which I did not myself believe; I should be under an absolute necessity of separating from that society. And in all these cases the sin of separation, with all the evils consequent upon it, would not lie upon me, but upon those who constrained me to make that separation, by requiring of me such terms of communion, as I could not in conscience comply with. But setting aside this case, suppose the church or society to which I am now

united, does not require me to do any thing which the Scripture forbids, or to omit any thing which the Scripture enjoins, it is then my indispensable duty to continue therein. And if I separate from it, without any such necessity, I am justly chargeable (whether I foresaw them or not) with all the evils consequent upon that separation.

“I have spoke the more explicitly upon this head, because it is so little understood; because so many of those who profess much religion, nay, and really enjoy a measure of it, have not the least conception of this matter, neither imagine such a separation to be any sin at all. They leave a Christian society with as much unconcern, as they go out of one room into another. They give occasion to all this complicated mischief, and wipe their mouth, and say they have done no evil! Whereas they are justly chargeable, before God and man, both with an action that is evil in itself, and with all the evil consequences which may be expected to follow; to themselves, to their brethren, and to the world.

“I entreat you, therefore, my brethren, all that fear God, and have a desire to please him; all that wish to have a conscience void of offence, towards God and towards man; think not so slightly of this matter, but consider it calmly. Do not rashly tear asunder the sacred ties, which unite you to any Christian society. This indeed is not of so much consequence to *you* who are only a *nominal* Christian. For you are not now vitally united to any of the members of Christ. Though you are called a Christian, you are not really a member of any Christian church. But if you are a living member, if you live the life that is hid with Christ in God, then take care how you rend the body of Christ, by separating from your brethren. It is a thing evil in itself. It is a sore evil in its consequences. Oh have pity upon yourself! Have pity on your brethren! Have pity even upon the world of the ungodly! Do not lay more stumbling blocks in the way of these for whom Christ died.

“But if you are afraid, and that not without reason, of schism, improperly so called; how much more afraid will you be, if your conscience is tender, of

schism in the proper scriptural sense! Oh beware, I will not say of *forming*, but of *countenancing*, or *abetting* any *parties* in a Christian society! Never encourage, much less cause, either by word or action, any division therein. In the nature of things, "there must be heresies [divisions] among you;" but keep thyself pure. Leave off contention before it be meddled with: shun the very beginning of strife. Meddle not with them that are given to dispute, with them that love contention. I never knew that remark to fail; "He that loves to dispute, does not love God." Follow peace with all men, without which you cannot effectually follow holiness. Not only "seek peace," but "ensue it:" if it seem to flee from you, pursue it nevertheless. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

"Happy is he that attains the character of a peace maker in the church of God. Why should not you labor after this? Be not content, not to stir up strife; but do all that in you lies, to prevent or quench the very first spark of it. Indeed it is far easier to prevent the flame from breaking out than to quench it afterwards. However, be not afraid to attempt even this: the God of peace is on your side. He will give you acceptable words, and will send them to the heart of the hearers. *Noli diffidere: noli discedere*, says a pious man, *fac quod in te est; et Deus aderit bonæ tuæ voluntati*: "do not distrust him that has all power; that has the hearts of all men in his hand. Do what in thee lies, and God will be present, and bring thy good desires to good effect." Never be weary of well doing: in due time thou shalt reap if thou faint not."

"This is not schism, but its meet remedy—

A separation for the Gospel's spread,

For future higher weal and for convenience made."

Stanza 31.

Dr. Elliott, in the General Conference of 1844, moved the adoption of the Report of the Committee of Nine, and supported his motion by a short and sensible speech; in which he said that "it was his firm opinion

that this (separation) was a proper course for them to pursue, in conformity with the scriptures, and the best analogies they could collect from the ancient churches, as well as from the best organized modern churches. All history did not furnish an example of so large a body of Christians remaining in such close and unbroken connection as the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was now found necessary to separate this large body, for it was becoming unwieldy. He referred to the churches at Antioch, Alexandria and Jerusalem, which, though they continued as one, were at least as distinct as the M. E. Church would be if the suggested separation took place. The Church of England was one under the Bishops of Canterbury and York: connected and yet distinct. In his own mind it had been for years perfectly clear, that to this conclusion they must eventually come. Were the question that now unhappily agitated the body dead and buried, there would be good reason for passing the resolutions contained in the report. \* \* \* \* \* The body was now too large to do business advantageously. The measure contemplated was *not schism but separation for their mutual convenience and prosperity.*"

See General Conference Debates, 1844.

"That is not schism where hearts unrent remain."

Stanza 33.

I cannot take schism, says Mr. Wesley, for a separation from a church true or false: because I cannot find it ever so taken in the Scripture. The first time I read the term there, is 1 Cor. ii. I meet with it again chap. xii: 18. But it is plain by schism in both places is meant, not any separation from the church, but uncharitable divisions in it.—Works, vol. 7, p 286. To the same effect is his comment on 1 Cor. 12, 24, 25. "God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honor to that part which lacked, that there might be no schism in the body; but that the members might have the same care one for another, &c." We may observe, says he, that the word schism, here, means the want of this tender care one for another. It undoubtedly means an alienation of affection in any of



them towards their brethren : a division of heart ; and parties springing therefrom, though they were still outwardly united together : though they still remained members of the same external society. [See his whole sermon on Schism, and also the other portions of his works wherein he treats on this subject.]

What the writer contends for is that mere outward separation properly effected is not in itself Schism. In order to be Schism it must embrace the elements of heart division—alienation of affection. That the separation of the south was designed by the General Conference of 1844 (if it should take place,) to be a peaceful separation and not a schismatic one, is abundantly evident. That it has come to embrace the schismatic element at the present time is almost equally evident. But upon which party rests the blame of heart alienation—in which consists the true and proper rending of the body of Christ—is not for the writer to determine ; or whether there may not probably some blame rest upon both parties.

When the M. E. Church became a distinct ecclesiastical organization, separated as to the external form from the parent body in Great Britain, there was, according to Mr. Wesley's definition, no schism. Though there was some little feeling, perhaps of an improper kind, among some in the old body, yet there was no interruption of fellowship—the new organization, continuing in the bonds of peace and love with the old body. This fellowship has remained uninterrupted till the present time. It is true the two bodies have not always exactly harmonized on all questions. Each one has its peculiarities, peculiarities in government, in discipline, in benevolent enterprise ; and peculiarities growing out of the different circumstances in which the two bodies are placed. But these differences of opinion and differences of practice, have never been regarded as a sufficient reason for a cessation of fellowship ; and God forbid that they ever should. Difficult questions have also sometimes arisen between the bodies which have, for a season, threatened to disturb their peace. But these have been happily settled by negotiation. An instance of this kind occurred in the year 1820. The preachers of the American Methodist body, and



those of the British body, had come into collision in Upper Canada. Great difficulties were likely to arise out of this intrusion upon each other's labors. The American General Conference, through its representative, Rev. John Emory, proposed a mode of settling these difficulties: viz; by drawing a boundary line between the operations of the two bodies.

The following extracts from the minutes of the English Wesleyan Conference, held in Liverpool, August, 1820, and signed Jabez Bunting, President, and George Marsden, Secretary, contain an explicit statement of this arrangement, with the principles on which it was founded.

"On the subject of the unpleasant circumstances which have occurred in the Canadas between the American preachers and our Missionaries, referred to the conference by the missionary committee in London, with their opinion that Upper Canada should be left in possession of the American brethren, and that our missionary exertions shall be confined to the lower province, this committee recommend to the conference the adoption of the following principles and arrangements:—

"1. That, as the American Methodists and ourselves are but one body, it would be inconsistent with our unity, and dangerous to that affection which ought to characterize us in every place, to have different societies and congregations in the same towns and villages, or to allow of any intrusion on either side into each other's labors.

"2. That this principle shall be the rule by which the disputes now existing in the Canadas, between our missionaries, shall be terminated.

"3. That the simplest and most effectual manner of carrying this rule into effect appears to us to be, to accede to the suggestion of the American conference, that the American brethren shall have the occupation of Upper Canada, and the British missionaries that of Lower Canada, allowing sufficient time for carrying this arrangement into effect, with all possible tenderness to existing prejudices and conflicting interests on both sides; the arrangement to be completed within a period to be fixed as early as possible by the missionary committee. But should insuperable difficulties occur in the

attempt to execute this plan, (which, however, we do not anticipate,) either party shall be at liberty to propose any other mode of accommodation which shall assume as its basis the great principle laid down in the first of these resolutions, and which we are of opinion should be held most sacred in every part of the world.

“4. That if hereafter it shall appear to any of our brethren there, either British missionaries or American preachers, that any place on either side the boundary line, now mentioned, needs religious help, and presents a favorable opportunity of usefulness, the case shall be referred by the Canada district meeting to the General Conference, or by that body to the Canada district; and if either shall formally decline to supply the place on their own side the boundary, then the other shall be at liberty to supply the said place, without being deemed to have violated the terms of this friendly compact.

“5. And it shall be explicitly understood in this arrangement, that each party shall be bound to supply with preachers all those stations and their dependencies which shall be relinquished by each of the connections, that no place on either side shall sustain any loss of the ordinances of religion in consequence of this arrangement.

“6. That the missionary committee be directed to address a letter to the private and official members, trustees, &c., under the care of our missionaries in Upper Canada, informing them of the judgment of the conference, and affectionately and earnestly advising them to put themselves and their chapels under the pastoral care of the American preachers, with the suggestion of such considerations, to incline them to it, as the committee may judge most proper.

“7. That the bishops of the American connection shall direct a similar letter to the private and official members, trustees, &c., under the care of the American preachers in the province of Lower Canada, requesting them to put themselves and their chapels under the care of the British missionaries.”

“The instructions to the missionaries, sent out in pursuance of the above arrangement, are so replete with Christian urbanity and kindness, and so fully exemplify the spirit by which all Christian associations should be

actuated in their intercourse with each other, that I am persuaded the reader will be gratified with their perusal. They are as follows :

*“Copy of a letter of instructions from the Missionary Committee in London, to the Rev. Messrs. R. Williams and the other British Missionaries in the province of Canada.”*

“DEAR BROTHER :—Herewith we transmit you a copy of resolutions, passed at our late conference, on the subject of the disputes which have unhappily existed between our American brethren and us, relative to our missions in Canada.

“The preceding resolutions are general, and refer to the renewal of the intercourse, by personal deputation, between the American and British conferences, by the visit of Mr. Emory. We have given you the resolutions in full, that you may see that we have recognised the principle that the Methodist body is ONE throughout the world, and that, therefore, its members are bound to cordial affection and brotherly union.

“The resolutions of the committee, passed some time ago, and forwarded for your guidance, prohibiting any interference with the work of the American brethren, would show you that the existence of collision between us and them gave us serious concern, and that the committee were anxious to remove, as far as they, at that time, were acquainted with the circumstances, every occasion of dispute.

“Certainly the case of Montreal chapel was one which we could never justify to our minds, and the committee have in many instances had but a partial knowledge of the real religious wants of the upper province, and of its means of supply. The only reason we could have for increasing the number of missionaries in that province was, the presumption of a strong necessity, arising out of the destitute condition of the inhabitants, the total want, or too great distance of ministers.

“On no other ground could we apply money raised for missionary purposes for the supply of preachers to Upper Canada. The information we have had for two

years past has all served to show that the number of preachers employed there by the American brethren was greater than we had at first supposed, and was constantly increasing.

“ To us, therefore, it now appears, that though there may be places in that province which are not visited they are within the range, or constantly coming within the range, of the extended American itinerancy; and that Upper Canada does not present to our efforts a ground so fully and decidedly missionary as the lower province, where much less help exists, and a great part of the population is involved in popish superstition.

“ We know that political reasons exist in many minds for supplying even Upper Canada, as far as possible, with British missionaries; and however natural this feeling may be to Englishmen, and even praiseworthy, when not carried too far, it will be obvious to you that this is a ground on which, as a missionary society, and especially as a society under the direction of a committee which recognizes as brethren, and one with itself, the American Methodists, we cannot act.

“ 1. Because, as a missionary society, we cannot lay it down as a principle that those whose object is to convert the world shall be prevented from seeking and saving souls under a foreign government, for we do not thus regulate our own efforts.

“ 2. To act on this principle would be to cast an odium upon our American brethren, as though they did not conduct themselves peaceably under the British government, which is, we believe, contrary to the fact.

“ 3. That if any particular exceptions to this Christian and submissive conduct were, on their part, to occur, we have not the least right to interfere, unless, indeed, the American conference obviously neglected to enforce upon the offending parties its own discipline. Upon any political feeling which may exist, either in your minds or in the minds of a party in any place, we cannot therefore proceed. Our objects are purely spiritual, and our American brethren and ourselves are one body of Christians, sprung from a common stock, holding the the same doctrines, enforcing the same discipline, and striving in common to spread the light of true religion through the world.



“In conformity with these views, we have long thought it a reproach, and doing more injury, by disturbing the harmony of the two connections, than could be counter-balanced by any local good, that the same city or town should see two congregations, and two societies, and two preachers, professing the same form of Christianity, and yet thus proclaiming themselves rivals to each other, and, in some instances, invading each other's societies and chapels, and thus producing party feelings. The purposes of each, we are ready to allow, have been good, though mistaken; and we rather blame ourselves for not having obtained more accurate information on some particulars, than intimate any dissatisfaction with the missionaries in the Canadas, with whose zeal and labors we have so much reason to be satisfied.

“A part of the evil has also arisen from the want of personal communication, by deputation, between the two conferences, now happily established. These considerations had long and seriously occupied our minds before the arrival of Mr. Emory, charged by the General American Conference to bring these matters under our consideration. The committee, previous to the conference, went with him fully into the discussion of the disputes in the Canadas, and recommended those principles of adjustment which the conference, after they had been referred to a special committee during the time of its sitting, adopted, and which we now transmit to all the brethren in the Canada stations.

“You will consider these resolutions as the fruit of a very ample inquiry, and of serious deliberation.

“None of the principles here adopted by us do indeed go farther than to prevent interference with each other's labors among the American and British missionaries, and the setting up of ‘altar against altar’ in the same city, town, or village; but, knowing that circumstances of irritation exist, and that too near a proximity might, through the infirmity of human nature, lead to a violation of that union which the conference has deemed a matter of *paramount* importance to maintain, we have thought it best to adopt a geographical division of the labor of each, and that the upper province should be left to the American brethren and the lower to you. The reasons for this are,



“ 1. That the upper province is so adequately supplied by the American conference as not to present that pressing case of necessity which will justify our expending our funds upon it.

“ 2. That Mr. Emory has engaged that its full supply by American preachers shall be, as far as possible, attended to.

“ 3. That this measure at once terminates the dispute as to Montreal.

“ 4. That it will prevent collision without sacrifice of public good.

“ 5. That Lower Canada demands our efforts rather than Upper, as being more destitute, and the labors of the brethren there being more truly missionary.

“ A transfer of societies and places of preaching will of course follow. Our societies in Upper Canada are to be put under the care of the American brethren; theirs in the lower province under yours.

“ It is clear that this, under all circumstances, will require prudent and wise management, and we depend upon you to carry the arrangement into effect in the same spirit of kindness and temper in which the question has been determined by the conference and Mr. Emory.

“ Feel that you are one with your American brethren, embarked in the same great cause, and eminently of the same religious family, and the little difficulties of arrangement will be easily surmounted; and if any warm spirits (which is probable) rise up to trouble you, remember that you are to act upon the great principle sanctioned by the conference, and not upon local prejudices. The same advices Mr. Emory has pledged himself shall be given to the American preachers, and you will each endeavor to transfer the same spirit into the societies respectively. When the preachers recognize each other as brethren, the people will naturally fall under the influence of the same feeling.

“ We have appointed our respected brethren, Messrs. Williams and Hick, who are to choose as an associate a third preacher in full connection, to meet an equal number of preachers to be appointed by the American bishop, who shall agree upon the time in which the chapels and societies shall be mutually transferred, and

the arrangements of the conference carried into effect. The place of the meeting they are to fix for their mutual convenience, but the meeting is to be held as early as possible after the receipt of the instructions of the committee, that the report of the final adjustment of the affair may appear in your next district minutes.

“ We conclude with our best wishes for your personal happiness and usefulness. May you ever go forth in the ‘fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace,’ and be made the honored instruments of winning many souls to the knowledge and obedience of the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“ We are, dear brother, yours, very affectionately,

“ JOS. TAYLOR,

RICHARD WATSON,

*Secretaries.*

“ *Wesleyan Mission House, 77 Hatton }  
Garden, 23d August, 1820.*” }

“ As it was agreed that our bishops should send similar instructions to those brethren to whom the carrying the above resolutions into practical effect should be committed, the following communication was sent to the Rev. William Case :—

“ *Alexandria, (D. C.,) Oct. 16, 1820.*

“ DEAR BROTHER :—I transmit you herewith a copy of the resolutions of the late British conference, received through brother Emory, our representative to that body, on the subjects embraced in his mission, and also of the instructions of the missionary committee in London to the Rev. Messrs. R. Williams and the other British missionaries in the provinces of Canada, predicated on those resolutions.

“ From these documents you will perceive that the desire of our General Conference, both for the establishment of a personal intercourse by deputation between the two connections, and for the amicable adjustment of the afflicting differences in the Canadas, has been happily accomplished. Indeed it appears, not only from those papers, but from the communications of our representative, that this desire was met, both by the British conference, and the missionary committee,

with a promptness and brotherly affection which we should take equal pleasure in acknowledging and reciprocating.

“This it now devolves upon me (my colleagues being necessarily at a great distance, in the discharge of their official duties in the south and west) to enjoin it upon you to do; and promote the same spirit of kindness toward our British brethren, among all the preachers, travelling and local, and all the official and private members within your district, to the utmost extent of your power.

“To remove the prejudices and allay the unpleasant excitements existing, will, no doubt, require much prudent care. But in this ‘labor of love’ I expect in you a ready mind. Let the difficulties you may meet with only stimulate you to the exertion of your best and most persevering efforts in this behalf. Remember, ‘Blessed are the peace-makers.’ ‘*Seek* peace, then, and *ensue* it.’ If it even seem to flee from you, follow it: ‘Looking *diligently*, lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness, springing up, trouble you, and thereby many be defiled.’

“In the present state of things, (your acquaintance with which renders detail unnecessary,) we have thought it best to agree to a division of our field of labors in the Canadas by the provincial line. In the expediency of this measure you will see that the missionary committee in London, and the British conference have concurred; so that our labors there are to be confined, in future, to the upper province, and those of the British missionaries to the lower.

“A transfer of societies and places of preaching will of course follow. Our societies in Lower Canada are to be put under the care of our British brethren, and theirs, in the upper province, under ours.

“For the execution of these arrangements I have appointed brother Ryan and yourself, with authority to associate with you a third preacher in full connection, to meet the Rev. Messrs. R. Williams and Hick, appointed by the missionary committee, and such other preacher as they may associate with them. The time and place of meeting you will agree on with them, for your mutual convenience. The missionary committee

have instructed their agents that the meeting is to be held as early as possible after the receipt of the instructions of the committee, that the report of the final adjustment of the affair may appear in the next district minutes. In this we concur. You will, therefore, immediately upon the reception of these instructions, in conjunction with brother Ryan and your associate, correspond with the Rev. Messrs. Williams and Hick and their associate on the subject; and fail not to use every means in your power for the prompt execution of the arrangements in the best faith, and in the most harmonious and affectionate manner. In the language of the missionary committee, we cordially unite to say, 'Feel that you are one with your' British 'brethren, embarked in the same great cause, and eminently of the same religious family, and the little difficulties of arrangement will be easily surmounted; and if any warm spirits rise up to trouble you, remember that you are to act on the great principles now sanctioned and avowed by the two connections, and not upon local prejudices.' If each endeavor to transmute this spirit into the societies respectively, the people will much more easily be brought under the influence of the same feeling, when it shall be found to possess and actuate the preachers. In any event, let there be no deficiency on your part in spirit, word, or deed. We commit to you a sacred work, which you are bound to perform, not only as to the matter, but in the manner, in the temper, in which, as these instructions are intended to show you, we ourselves would perform it, could we be present. Attend strictly to this, that we may have joy and consolation in your love, the bowels of the saints being refreshed by you; and forward to us, as early as possible, regular and full copies of all your correspondence and proceedings in this business.

"Should it be found practicable to complete the arrangements previously to the next Genesee annual conference, you will of course take care to provide for the supply of those circuits, societies, and places of preaching in the upper province which may be transferred to us by our British brethren, as they are to be simultaneously transferred to them in the lower



province. You will also take care, from time to time, to extend supplies to any remaining places which may be found destitute in the upper province, as far as possible.

“ There are several circuits, I believe, in Lower Canada, attached to the New York and New England conferences. These are included in the arrangement. You will therefore forward a copy of these instructions to each of the presiding elders within whose districts those circuits are embraced, and request them to be prepared to coöperate with you in the final execution of the business, and to report the same at their ensuing annual conferences respectively.

“ The missionary committee in London having kindly furnished us with a copy of their instructions, we shall transmit a copy of these I now send you to them. You will also show them, when you meet, to the Rev. Messrs. Williams and Hick and their associate, and, if they desire it, give them a copy, that you may go on in this good work as we have happily begun, with that frankness and kindness which become brethren in such a cause.

“ By the sixth resolution of the British Conference on the Canadian business, it is provided that the missionary committee be directed to address a letter to the private and official members, trustees, &c. under the care of the missionaries in Upper Canada, informing them of the judgment of the conference, and affectionately and earnestly advising them to put themselves and their chapels under the pastoral care of the American preachers, with the suggestion of such considerations to incline them to it as the committee may judge most proper. And by the seventh resolution it is provided that we shall address a similiar letter to the private and official members, trustees, &c. under our care. I accordingly enclose a letter which you will use for this purpose, after you have met with Messrs. Williams and Hick, &c. and agreed with them on the time of making the transfer of the societies, chapels, &c. but not to be used before. At the same time, after this meeting and agreement, you will also forward a copy of this letter to each of the presiding elders in the New-York and New-England conferences



whose districts embrace circuits in Lower Canada, to be used by them.

“Confiding in your faithful discharge of the several trusts committed to you, I commend you to the Lord, and remain, dear brother, yours in love.

WM. M’KENDREE.”

“The following was also addressed to the brethren therein mentioned in Lower Canada :—

*“To the private and official members, trustees, &c. of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lower Canada.*

“VERY DEAR BRETHREN:—You are aware that, for several years past, very unpleasant collisions have occurred in various parts both of the upper and lower provinces, between the British missionaries and some of our brethren. This has been a source of great affliction to us, and has led to the adoption of various and successive measures for the correction of the evil.

“Our late General Conference, being earnestly desirous of restoring the amicable relations of the two connections, authorized the deputation of a representative to the British conference for this purpose. One was accordingly sent. And, after a deliberate investigation, it has been mutually thought best, for the sake of peace and love, under all the circumstances of the case, to divide our labors in the Canadas in such a manner as to guard effectually against all collisions in future.

“With this view, it has been agreed that our British brethren shall supply the lower province and our preachers the upper; yet so that no circuits or societies on either side shall be left destitute by the other. This has been sacredly attended to, and mutual pledges for the performance of it have been passed. It now becomes our duty, therefore, to inform you of this agreement, and to advise you, in the most affectionate and earnest manner, to put yourselves and chapels under the care of our British brethren, as their societies and chapels in the upper province will be put under ours.

“This communication to you, we confess, is not made without pain; not from any want of affection for

our British brethren, but from the recollection of those tender and endearing ties which have bound us to you. But a necessity is laid upon us. It is a peace-offering. No other consideration could have induced us to consent to the measure. Forgive, therefore, our seeming to give you up. We do not give you up in heart, in affection, in kind regards, in prayers.

“The British and American connections have now mutually recognized each other as one body of Christians, sprung from a common stock, holding the same doctrines, of the same religious family, and striving in common to speed the light of true religion through the world; and they have agreed to keep up a regular intercourse by deputation, in future, for the maintenance of this brotherly union.

“Let any past differences, therefore, be forgotten. Let them be buried for ever. Confirm your love toward your British brethren, and receive them as ourselves;—not as strangers, but as brothers beloved. By this shall all men know that we are Christ’s disciples, if we love one another. Love is of God, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. May the God of love and peace be with you, and crown you with the blessedness of contributing with us to heal the wounds of the church, and to establish that ‘fellowship of the spirit’ which shall enable us to say, ‘Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron’s beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountain of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.’

“For any farther information that you may desire I refer you to the presiding elder, to whom it is given in charge to make this communication to you; and remain, dear brethren, with the same affection for you, in the bonds of the gospel of peace, and the best wishes and prayers for your happiness and salvation.

WM. M’KENDREE.”

*“Alexandria, (D. C.) Oct. 16, 1820.”*

“These proceedings gave general satisfaction, and tended not a little to allay the uneasiness which had resulted from the collisions of individuals in the two provinces, as well as to soften the asperities of those who had suffered the heat of party zeal to carry them beyond the bounds of Christian moderation. This result also shows how little the individual and local interests of a few affect those whose position gives them a commanding and impartial view of the whole ground of controversy, and who consequently feel for the whole as for every part, and for every part as for the whole. And it is no small commendation of the Christian spirit by which each of the contracting parties was actuated, to find them thus ready to sacrifice individual and local interests for the sake of binding the entire Methodist family together in one great brotherhood.”

From the foregoing it will be seen that Methodistic unity admits of distinct ecclesiastical connections; and not merely admits, but requires of necessity, and for the sake of that very unity, a boundary line between them, whenever their fields of operation are contiguous. In no other way can peace and unity be long maintained.

Peace, peace, ye warring Sons of Methodism.

Stanza 37.

An extract from the celebrated Dr. Harris, on Christian Union, may be in place here. It is true that he treats of the fellowship of Christian denominations generally. But the argument will be increased in intensity, if we apply it to the different bodies of Methodism in particular.

“The fellowship of Christian denominations should be cultivated from the consideration that *the wisest and best of each have most earnestly desired it, and that now they are perfectly one in the Church above.* Many of them (men of whom the world was not worthy) have left their desire on record—a fact which will be adduced in evidence against the troublers of the church, in the day of final account. Some of them died with

the desire on their lips; they could not bequeath a legacy of peace to the Church, as their dying Lord did, but they approached his example as nearly as they were able, by earnestly *desiring* it for those they left behind. Some of them who had contended too eagerly concerning minor points, saw and acknowledged their error even on this side death. How admirable the letter in which Ridley, writing to Hooper—when both of them were prisoners for Christ—laments their “little jarring in times past about the by-matters and circumstances of religion,” but assures him that, “with his whole heart in the bowels of Christ, he loves him for the truth’s sake, which abideth in us.” And can we suppose that in heaven they are conscious of any regret on the subject of their agreement, except that it was not made earlier? “If the ruptures of the Church might be composed,” says Chillingworth, “I do heartily wish that the cement were made of my dearest blood.”

A tender appeal for the unity of the Church is derivable from the fact that *it owes its existence entirely to infinite love*. If, like many an earthly kingdom and institution, it had originated in strife, in strife it might have been maintained; but it is the pure creation of Love. If it be true that in God we live, and move, and have our being—if, *as men*, we inhabit his infinite essence, it is true that, *as Christians*, we inhabit his very heart, dwell in his love. It is to this fact the apostle alludes when he would have us to comprehend with all saints the fourfold dimensions of the love of God. Material substances have only three dimensions; but the Church, having for its temple the heart of God, is to search for the circumference in all directions round, and be lost in the love which passeth knowledge. Christians, the church is the institution of love; shall we make it the scene of hatred? It stands in the heart of God; shall we fill it with malevolence? What should we have thought of the disciples, had they audibly quarreled on Calvary, and in the hearing of their dying Lord? And yet all our contentions are conducted in the presence of the love which led him there! Is not this crucifying him afresh?

“The union of Christians would be not only emi-



nently agreeable to the Author of their salvation, and in accordance with what they owe to his love, *it would be supremely advantageous to themselves*. How necessarily would it *tend to harmonize their views on those points which are now the sources of division!* Is not this the gracious way in which God seeks to terminate our guilty quarrel with himself? Instead of moving off from us to the greatest possible distance, has he not come nearer to us than ever, dwelt amongst us, established *a ministry of reconciliation*, and invited us to “come and reason” with him at a throne of grace? And by pursuing this gracious course towards us, is he not intentionally showing us the right way of becoming reconciled to each other? and would he not honor and bless the imitation of his own methods?

“But if the union of the Church militant would be thus agreeable to the Church triumphant, *how much more agreeable would it be to the nature of Him who is the Author of both—the blessed God!* He is “*the very God of peace.*” Whatever the glorified above, or the redeemed on earth, may know of peace, they only know as recipients and instruments; but he is its *very God*. He is the fountain whence all the streams of peace which are at this moment circulating through the universe, immediately flow. And his Church was intended, under Christ, to be the channel of peace to this troubled world. How agreeable, then, would it be to his exalted nature to see his church answering its high design; no longer reflecting from its bosom the tempestuous and angry sky of earthly strife, but the calm of a higher region—giving back to heaven its own image, and presenting to earth the means of becoming like it.

“How agreeable would it be to *Him who has selected as one of his most appropriate titles, “the Prince of Peace!”* who chose that the peace-makers should be called, more emphatically than others, the children of God—leaving us to infer that they more nearly resemble their heavenly Father; who bequeathed to his Church a legacy of peace; who prayed in death that his followers might be one; and who would still be invoked by them “as the Lord of peace himself.” As “the head of his body the Church,” he feels the shock



and suffering of all that is inflicted on the members; and not the less that the hand which inflicts it is its own. How congenial would it be to his gracious nature to see that his people were no longer crucifying him afresh, and putting him to an open shame—that they were no longer losing sight of his cross in a fierce contention about his seamless robe—no longer forgetting his atoning blood, in their thirst for the blood of each other—but that they were all looking upon him who had been thus wounded in the house of his friends, were mingling their tears and supplications together, and then, emulating the winged zeal of the angels at his advent, were going into all the world, preaching “peace on earth, good will towards men!”

“How agreeable would *the restoration of unity be to that divine agent who is given to the Church as the Spirit of love, joy and peace!* “There is but one body and one Spirit,” a Spirit that spreads vital influence through the body. What can we think of that Spirit that feels everywhere? that is in the body a universal sentient? How can that Spirit but be grieved? How should any of us like it, to have our living body torn limb from limb, and part from part? Though with him passion and disturbance can have no place, intellectual resentment is infinitely greater and deeper than we can either feel or conceive. But in the same sense and degree in which the dissevered and distracted state of the Church now grieves him, the restoration of its unity and peace would yield him ineffable delight. The very *desire* of such restoration, sincerely and generally expressed, would open the windows of heaven, and cause him to return. If even a good man is conscious of pure satisfaction in only *attempting* a family reconciliation, how inconceivable would be the satisfaction of the Divine Spirit in restoring and ratifying the peace of the great family of God! What benevolent spirit in heaven would not find an additional heaven in being despatched even to assist in such an office? Who, then, shall attempt to describe the satisfaction of him to whom the office belongs, and to whom it belongs because it is congenial and proper to his nature? In restoring the torn members of the Church to each other, and healing its

wounds, he would only be gratifying his own nature. And having prepared the body, he would be able to return to his appropriate office of being the life of that body, and through it, the glorifier of Jesus in the conversion of the world.

“But if the unity of the Church would be thus agreeable to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, *let us consider its eminent fitness and consequent agreeableness to the blessed Trinity in Unity.* Of this we are reminded by our Lord himself, in his intercessory prayer; “that they all might be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also might be one in us.” Of the divine subsistencies in the Trinity, the Church knows nothing scripturally, but as they subsist in the unity of the God-head, acting together in the economy of our salvation. And of all the partakers of that salvation, the world ought to have known nothing practically, but as they were seen together in the unity of the Church, acting together for the conversion of the world. How suitable is it that those who have to subscribe their salvation to a plan in which the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit have united their infinite perfections, and who have been all baptized into their one sacred name, should themselves unite in a community of love and duty, in return—that the members of each Christian Church, feeling the penury of their utmost love, should call on the members of every other Church to unite with them, and thus multiply their means of glorifying the Triune God! And how supremely agreeable to the blessed Trinity, looking down from the throne of their infinite glory, to behold the image of their ineffable union reflected in the intimate and indissoluble oneness of the Church; and the Church contending only which part of it shall be most instrumental in going into all the world, and preaching the gospel to every creature, and baptizing them into the threefold name of God!.

“I confess,” writes Owen, “I would rather, much rather, spend all my time and days in making up and healing the breaches and schisms that are amongst Christians than one hour in justifying our divisions, even therein, wherein on the one side they are capable of a just defence.” “Far more comfort were it for

us" writes Hooker in his "Ecclesiastical Polity," "to labor under the same yoke as men who look for the same eternal reward of their labors; to be enjoined with you in the bonds of indissoluble love and unity; to live as if, our persons being many, our souls were but one, rather than in such dismembered sort to spend our few and wretched days in a tedious prosecuting of wearisome contentions, the end whereof, if they have not some speedy end, will be heavy on both sides." How solemn the adjuration of Bishop Hall, when preaching before the Synod of Dort—"We are one body, let us also be of one mind. By that tremendous name of the Almighty God—by your own souls—by the most holy compassions of Jesus Christ our Saviour, aim at peace, brethren; enter into peace; that, laying aside all prejudice, party spirit, and evil affections, we may all come to a happy agreement in the same truth." "It has long been my grief, as well as my wonder," writes Boyle, "to see such comparatively petty differences in judgment make such wide breaches and vast divisions in affection." "I," exclaimed Baxter, in the golden sentence we have already quoted, "I can as willingly be a martyr for LOVE, as for any article of the creed." And such is the spirit breathed in the writings of a Wesley, a Whitfield, and indeed of all the most distinguished "fathers of the modern churches."

"And can we suppose that they who were the mediators and healing spirits of their day, have anything to regret, except that they were not *more* in earnest? Oh! could we take our differences into their presence—could we convoke and consult a Synod of the blessed—how certainly should we behold those whose disciples and descendants have been ever at variance here, sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; how earnestly would they unite in admonishing those followers, if they honor their memory, and would enhance their happiness, to blot from their writings the controversial and contentious page in which once they gloried—to merge *their* names at once and forever in the great Christian name—and to emulate the *union* of heaven, if they would obtain an antepast of its joys! Let us but imagine what their blessed spirits now feel

at the retrospect of their earthly frailties, and can we do other than strive to feel as they now feel, not as they once felt? So will it be with the disputes between good men of the present day! And if you have no other reason to doubt your opponent's goodness than the little point in dispute, think of Baxter and Hammond, of Milton and Taylor, and let it be no reason at all."

What! can the sons of Wesley not shake hands,  
Because they cannot to the jot agree?

Stanza 38.

An extract from Mr. Wesley's sermon on "A Catholic Spirit," may here be indulged:

"I dare not, therefore, presume to impose my mode of worship on any other. I believe it is truly primitive and apostolical; but my belief is no rule for another. I ask not, therefore, of him with whom I would unite in love, Are you of my church? of my congregation? Do you receive the same form of church government, and allow the same church officers with me? Do you join in the same form of prayer wherein I worship God? I inquire not, Do you receive the supper of the Lord in the same posture and manner that I do? Nor whether in the administration of baptism, you agree with me in admitting sureties for the baptized; in the manner of administering it; or the age of those to whom it should be administered? Let all these things stand by; we will talk of them, if need be, at a more convenient season: my only question at present is this: 'Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?'"

"'If it be, give me thy hand.' I do not mean, 'Be of my opinion.' You need not: I do not expect or desire it. Neither do I mean, 'I will be of your opinion.' I cannot: it does not depend on my choice: I can no more think, that I can see or hear, as I will. Keep you your opinion; I mine; and that as steadily as ever. You need not even endeavor to come over to me, or bring me over to you. I do not desire you to dispute those points, or to hear or speak one word concerning them. Let all opinions alone, on one side and the other: only 'give me thine hand.'"



Such is the language of the greatest and best of the Church, when speaking of the differences which exist among Christian denominations. We cannot, unless greatly blinded, but feel the force of their language as specially applicable to the two organizations of Methodism in the United States. They differ not in doctrines, in modes of worship, in ecclesiastical polity even; but chiefly on one question, concerning which there is room for a difference of opinion and of practice, without at all impeaching each other's sincerity or general Christian character. And for this, they are divided in affection, as well as in form! For this there is a schism in the body! For this the unity of American Methodism is to be destroyed! Head of the Church, who diedst to gather together all the children of God in ONE, who bearest with the prejudices and ignorance and imperfections of thy members, without cutting them off and casting them from thee, help us to exercise the same heavenly charity to one another—that we may not fall into the crime of refusing to fellowship those whom thou hast not refused to fellowship—that we may not cast off those whom thou retainest: but that the members of thy body equally owned by thee, and equally deriving their life from thee, may also acknowledge one another as fellow members of Christ: “till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ: that we be henceforth no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ; from whom the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.”—*Ephs. Ch. iv. 13, 16.*









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